THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV
No. 1763

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NOV. 4
1933

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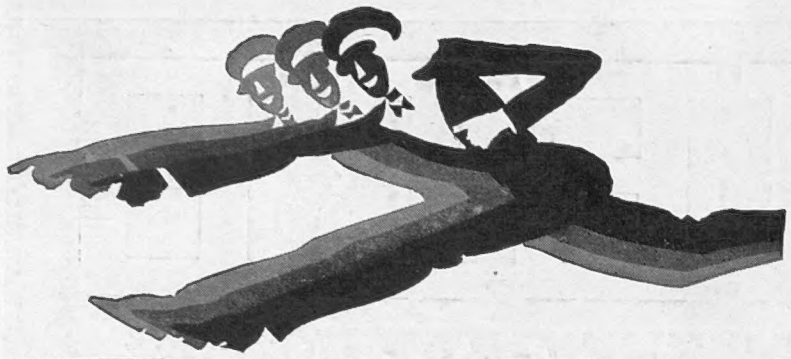

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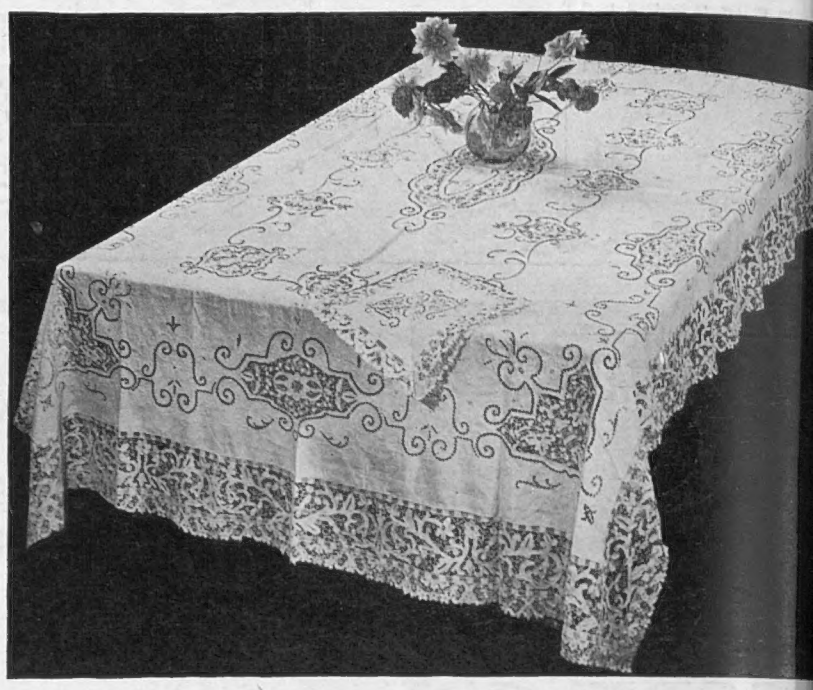

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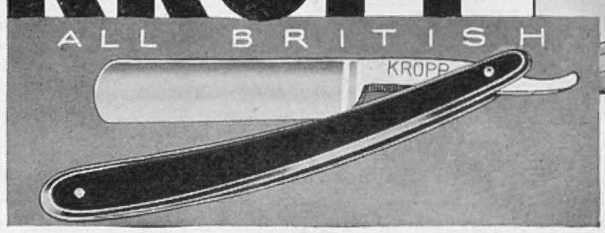

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 4, 1933

FASHION WEDS IN OLD SOUTHWARK

Medieval Dresses Strike a Picturesque Note at the Marriage of Miss Betsan Horlick and Mr. John Symington Coats

Many notabilities attended the marriage last Tuesday of Mr. John Baifour Symington Coats, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coats of Sundrum, Ayrshire, and Miss Betsan Horlick, daughter of Sir Ernest Horlick and of Lady Oppenheimer. The service, at which the Dean of Rochester officiated, was held in Southwark Cathedral, and in the above picture some of the sixteen bridesmaids are seen picking their way across the pavement as they left for the reception at Sunderland House. Their somewhat sensational medieval dresses were the creation of Mr. Norman Edwards, the Hollywood designer, who arrived at the cathedral well ahead of the other guests to superintend the carrying out of his ideas. The dresses were of white matt velvet and had long cloaks lined with powder blue, chartreuse green, and gold, while each bridesmaid carried a shower bouquet of arum lilies and eucalyptus leaves. The trainbearer, who is seen above, was Sandy Coats, nephew of the bridegroom. He wore short puffed knickers of gentian-blue chiffon velvet, and a close-fitting shirt with a white collar and puff sleeves. Miss Ann Coats, Miss Winifred Paget, Mlle Livia Paravicini, Miss Priscilla Weigall, Miss Rosemary Streatfeild, and Miss Nan McGowan were among the bridesmaids

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A LONDON N

PLAYTIME IN THE PARK: Typical young Society children among the Autumn leaves in Hyde Park

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 1, 1933.

APATHY.—The result of the East Fulham by-election is of no great importance statistically. Since the last General Election the Conservatives alone have won fourteen seats while the Socialists have won six; the National Government has lost but four seats in twenty-four by-elections. But morally the result is immensely significant, for it reveals in its hideous guise the great handicap from which sane government suffers—the apathy of its supporters. Here is a non-party Government which, after a hard struggle, a real effort at statesmanship and much initial doubt and criticism, has pulled the country away from the edge of disaster and has delivered the goods. It has shown magnificent achievements and re-established a basis for lasting prosperity. It is inconceivable that in East Fulham there is not, as in the country generally, a solid majority for the continuance of sane government on non-party lines. What happens? In East Fulham there are 50,000 electors, and the seat has been held by a Conservative for fifteen years. There has now been a turn-over to Labour of 19,000 votes. Of the voters two-fifths abstained from voting, and it is safe to say that 80 per cent. of those abstainers were Conservatives or Nationals.

THE OLD STORY.—Always since the War it has been the same miserable story. The Socialists, without a policy, without leadership, possess one supreme advantage. Their voters are organized, keen, and faithful. The Conservatives are apathetic, lazy, and easily lulled into a sense of security. Every Government since the War has been overthrown—to its own complete surprise—by a wave of reaction. It is the reaction of disappointment at the slowness of progress. And that reaction grows principally on by-elections. East Fulham's representation by itself in no way affects the Government's ability to pass measures in Parliament. But the moral effect of its Socialist victory sends a great wave across England. If Fulham so condignly condemns the National Government, there must be something seriously wrong with it, and Rusholme, etc., will take note of it. The Conservative and National local organizations require, first, to feel and then to use, a whip, nay, a scorpion. The Gadarene swine they are paid to herd are drifting once more aimlessly to the edge of the abyss. In politics to-day (as in everything else) indifference and apathy spell disaster. Different trends of public opinion will manifest themselves in by-elections according to the locality and date. Here it will be unemployment, there some tariff question. At East Fulham it was most significantly a desire for disarmament settlement. The election cry is relatively unimportant—party unity and keenness are all-important.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED: Mr. J. C. Wilmot (left) who won the East Fulham by-election for Labour with a majority of 4,840 over Mr. W. J. Waldron, the Conservative and National candidate. The result has been ascribed to a number of causes

TWO INEXPLICABLE FEATURES.—France is remarkable for many things, good and bad, and mostly inexplicable to Englishmen. Two of those notorious features are its constant changes of Government and its frequent major railway accidents. The former are incomprehensible without a proper understanding of the history and the origins of party Government as it has evolved in France since the Revolution, and we make a joke about the subject because we do not appreciate the complexity of the political chequer-board. As for the railway accidents, it may be that statistics would prove to us that, in proportion to its mileage of railway track, France is no more unhappy in its railway disasters and death roll than other countries. Here, in England, we boast that railway travel enjoys a ridiculously small percentage of risk to life and limb; but there is a general opinion, justly or unjustly held, that the percentage of risk is far higher in France, and that the meticulous precautions insisted on in England are not enforced in France. I should like to know the truth as revealed by the tell-tale figures of statistics. It might well be that they would serve to remove a well-established and ill-founded belief that railway travel in France is attended with quite needless risk.

A SURVIVAL FROM FEUDAL DAYS: Mr. A. F. I. Pickford, billhook to Sir George Bonner, the King's Remembrancer, the Rendering of Quit Rent Services to the Crown by are two services. One is rendered by the tenants and in the parish of St. Clement Danes, and the other by ground called The Moors. Mr. Pickford rendered the sixty-one nails for The Forge, and by producing a for The Moors. (Quit rent was formerly paid by himself from feuda

ALICE IN SUNDERLAND — HOUSE.—The Sunderland House Book Show, which opens on the 6th and lasts a fortnight, is a show to appeal to a wide public. For this book business nowadays is everybody's business, and almost all who do not write books, either read, publish, print, bind, or distribute them. It was ever thus. A century ago the reading public was still very small. Half a century ago was the golden age for authors, when the reading public had grown proportionately far quicker than the "writing public," and every well-written book was assured of a long life and the chance of recognition on its merits. To-day, when practically all educated men, women, and children have a book or two to their credit, merit has much less chance, and even a good book's life is probably of not more than three months' duration. Consider. *Sense and Sensibility* and *Bleak House* still live and sell. But who now remembers *The Real Charlotte*, *Legend*, *The Fountain*, *The Rebel Generation*, *A Passionate Prodigality*, nay *Talleyrand*? Sometimes in a modern publication that mysterious seed of immortality is found which survives in the struggle and raises a head above the choking tares—as in the case of *San Michele*. But how very rarely that happens. Believe me, the technique of writing (fiction included) stands higher than ever it did, and yet your author has not even his fair proportion of the chance of immortality which authors enjoyed fifty and even thirty years ago.

THE CHANCE OF SURVIVAL.—What have authors and publishers done to improve those chances? They have tried many devices, and some have proved not at all to the interests of authors and literature. There grew up an "armaments competition" in superlatives and boost. Publishers' catcalls about genius and masterpieces deafened our ears; flaming puffs by the authors themselves sprawled across flaring paper wrappers; authors leagued themselves together to puff each other's books, and book clubs carried on the scratch-my-back principle. But the public saw at last through these devices and grew tired of the empty puffs and strident catcalls; and I note with satisfaction a reaction

WSLETTER

towards dignity and reticence. Merit is to be given its chance again and a more discriminating and a disillusioned public promises to support the movement. There is a falling off in wrapper puffs and superlatives and mutual back-scratching; and our literature will gain immensely by the change. If you come to think of it, can you to-day name a profession in which concentrated hard work stands so little chance of adequate reward as literature? Just assess the sweat and care and intense labour which go to the making of a single, short, and mediocre novel, let alone of a serious biography—and then realize the *fact* that the average profit derived from the books published in a single year does not exceed £25 a book, and the average "life" is less than three months. Therefore, fair Alice, when you pass through the magic door of Wonderland House, Mayfair, next week to examine the treasures, manuscripts, and first editions of dead

d, City Solicitor, handing the hatchet and
e annual ceremony at the Law Courts of
Corporation of the City of London. There
piers of a tenement called The Forge,
tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste
ces by counting out six horseshoes and
het and billhook, with which he cut faggots,
holder or copyholder in order to absolve
vices)

and renowned authors, spare a thought for the living and resolve to help him as best you can, and as only you can. Be deaf to the trumpets, be discriminating in reading reviews, and (in a word) review the books for yourself by reading them carefully and talking about them. And then perhaps merit will have a chance again and the publisher, the bookseller, and even the honest author will get at long last the reward of their patience, their hard work, and their *faith*.

SIR JOHN FORTESCUE.

—Sir John Fortescue will be remembered by the general public as the historian of the British Army, from Hastings to Waterloo. His interest in our army rather died down when he came to the time when individual deeds and the clan-, the regimental- and the county-spirit were overshadowed by modern armaments and huge armies. By the discriminating few he will be best remembered and loved for his short stories and sketches, his *Drummer's Coat*, his *Story of a Red Deer*, and his *My Native Devon*. Few men better understood the beauty of words or were more skilful in choosing them. I shall best remember him for a chaplet of but twenty words which he wrote for the tomb, and to the memory of, a young soldier of the Great War. For their simplicity and beauty those few words are unsurpassed in our language.

GIVEN AWAY.

— No. 16, Carlton House Terrace—in the cream of the cream of residential London—was sold for £800 last week, the price of a medium-type motor car. It was bought in 1898 by the 1st Lord Cowdray for £30,000. A noble house for entertaining. Annie Lady Cowdray gave famous musical parties there. The ground rents are £450 a year, the rateable value £1,500. A man cannot keep a London house going for nothing and it is fair to say every man who buys one "buys a liability." For it will cost him more than the interest on its potential sale value to keep it in commission, let alone to staff and ration it. Yet the discrepancy between the purchase prices of 1898 and 1933 are startling. It tells in two words the social changes of the past thirty years. My only comment thereon is this:—If this last sale had occurred a few months earlier, would all those hard words have been used to condemn those responsible for the commercialization of a superlative, residential Crown property? I trow not. Necessity is a hard master.

BLIND COUNTRY.

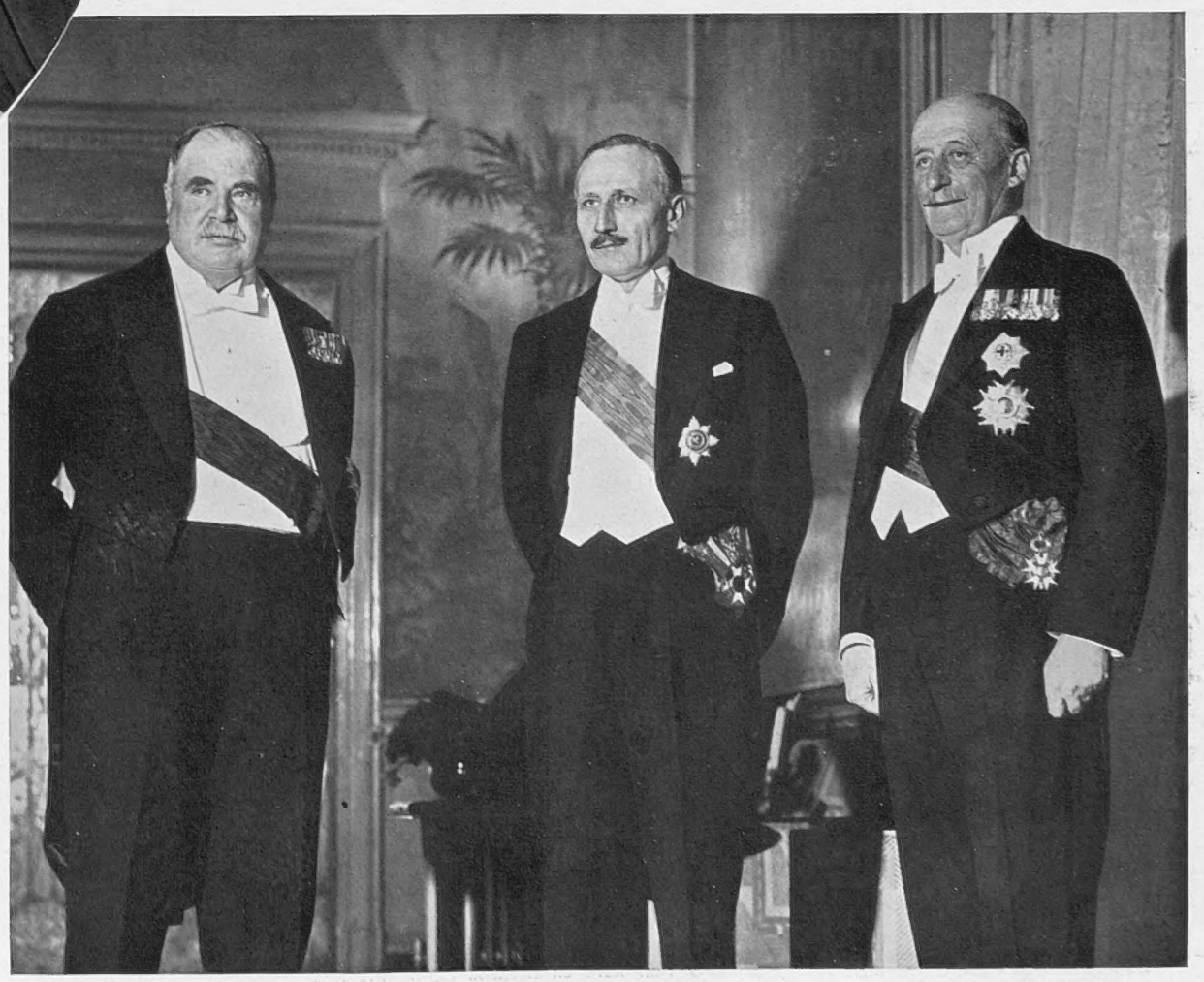
—The time comes for a beginning to be made of the major sports of winter—hunting and covert-shooting. And both of them are vitally affected by the state of the trees and hedgerows. Blind fences make hunting difficult and more dangerous, adding appreciably to its 25 per cent. relation to the dangers of war. And blind coverts make covert-shooting a mere farce, for the beaters cannot beat and the birds cannot fly. Every November 1 your sportsman punctually declares that never in the range of his experience has the country been so blind, and the leaves so dense in the woods. But this year surely he speaks a profound and remarkable truth. The countryside is as green as September and the foliage as dense. And this after a year of blistering sunshine and considerable drought, followed by not inconsiderable autumn gales.

THE REV. P. T. B. CLAYTON receiving the Dowager Lady Plumer before the thirteenth memorial parade which was held last Sunday on the Horse Guards in celebration of the anniversary of Ypres Day

THE SUPER-LINK.

— While "links with the past" still afford a hardy annual among autumn topics, I will report a splendid example which I came across in my reading. It bears the authority of the Great Seal. Lord Chancellor Brougham died at Cannes in 1868, and there are of course several people alive to-day who spoke to him. He says himself in his autobiography: "My grandmother was born in Queen Anne's reign, so that I have conversed with a person who was alive 180 years ago and who might have heard her relative, Ann Brougham, who lived to the age of 106, speak of events which happened in Queen Elizabeth's reign . . . but it is a certain fact that I, writing in the latter half of the nineteenth century, have heard my grandmother . . . relate all the circumstances of the execution of Charles I as they were told her by an eye-witness who stood opposite to Whitehall and saw the King come out upon the scaffold. . . . Nor did the event appear to her so very remote." Brougham was in a position to cross-examine a witness as to a statement made to her regarding Charles I's last moments on earth.

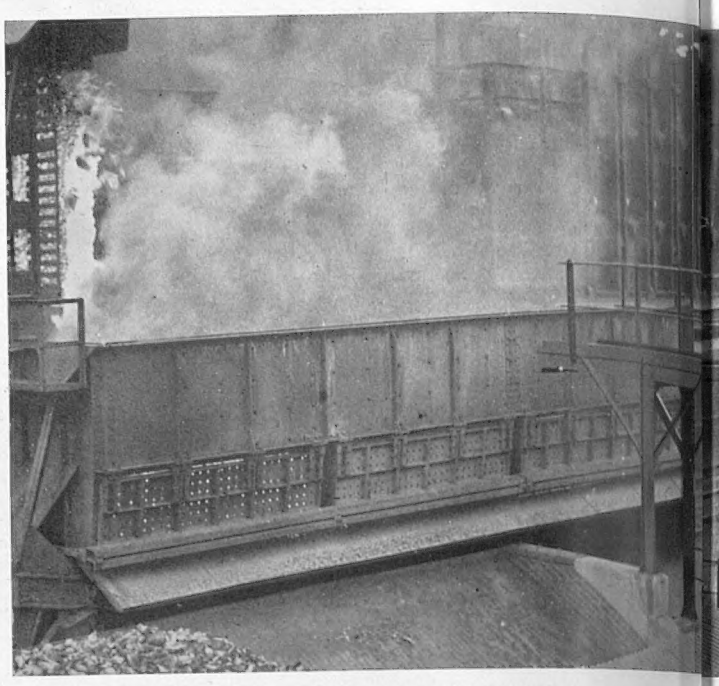
THE OLD STAGER



AN ANGLO-BRITISH OCCASION: M. Corbin (centre), the new French Ambassador, who was the guest of the United Associations of Great Britain and France at a dinner at Claridge's last week. With him are Lord Derby (left) and Lord Hardinge of Penshurst

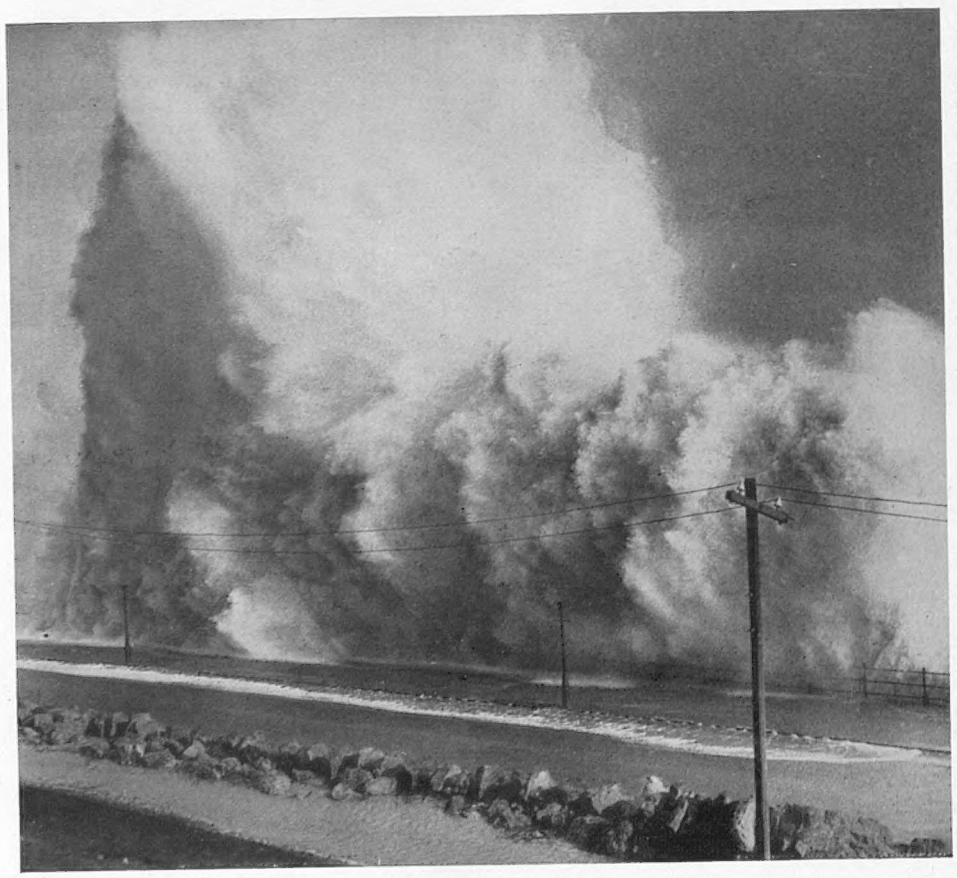
A PICTORIAL SUR

WINTER INTRUDES ON THE AUTUMN SCENE: A view of the Devil's Elbow, Perthshire, after last week's fall of snow



PRINCE GEORGE AT SCUNTHORPE, LINCOLNSHIRE: H.R.H. inspecting a batte of Messrs. John Lysaght, Ltd. This is the only battery in Gre

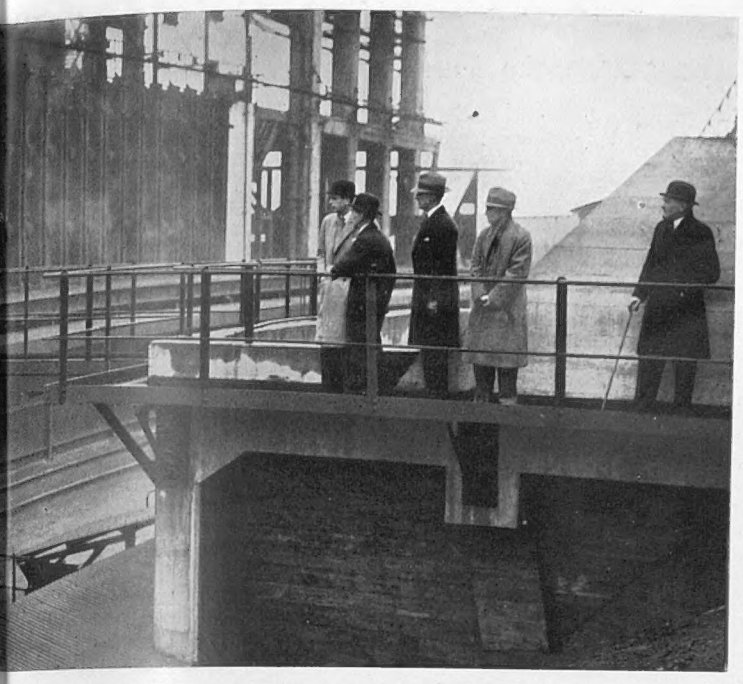
GUESTS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: Tenants of the Duchy of Cornwall smoking churchwarden pipes at the luncheon provided for them by H.R.H. at Princetown, Dartmoor



ROUGH WEATHER ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST: A gigantic wave breaking over the Marine Drive at Scarborough, where high seas and heavy rain were experienced during the last days of October

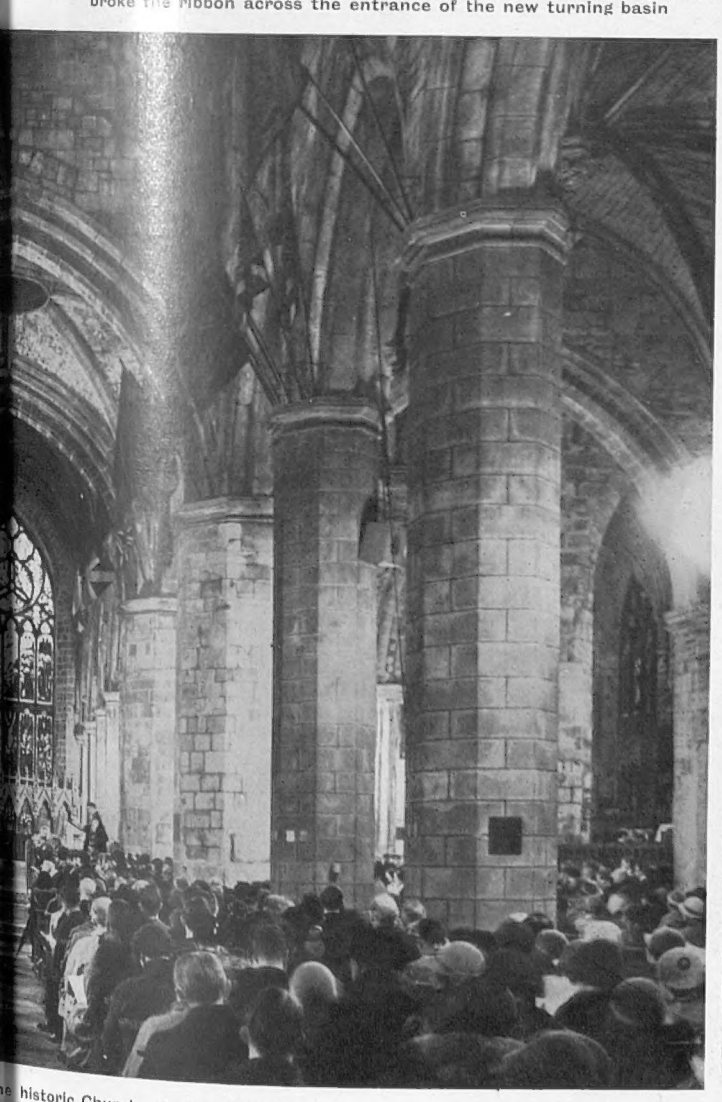
EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY'S 350th BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS: The scene honorary graduation ceremony in the M'Ewan Hall. The celebrat reception given by

EY of HOME EVENTS



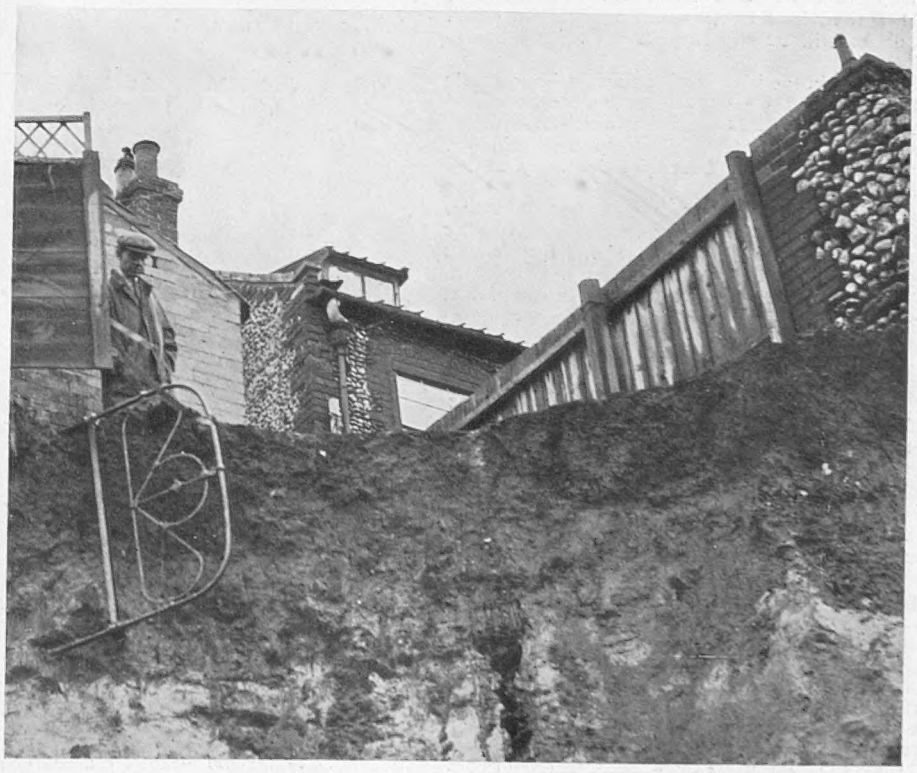
of forty-seven Becker Compound Type ovens at the Normanby Park Iron Works Britain to be heated by cleaned and regenerated blast furnace gas

OPENING BELFA T'S £400,000 DOCK: The Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice with the Duke of Abercorn (right) on board the harbour tug which broke the ribbon across the entrance of the new turning basin



he historic Church of St. Giles during the special service which followed the egan on Friday, October 27, when nearly a thousand guests attended a orporation of Edinburgh

ON THE BRINK OF DISASTER: Cottages on the cliffs at Pakefield, near Lowestoft, which have been placed in jeopardy by a succession of landslides brought about by high tides and heavy seas on the Suffolk Coast. The parish will be incorporated with the Borough of Lowestoft next April, when it is hoped that a scheme for building a sea wall will come up for consideration



HIGH TIDES TAKE THEIR TOLL: Another view from Pakefield, near Lowestoft, showing the precarious position of one of the houses near the eroding cliff edge. The inhabitants of the village spent a sleepless night during the height of the storm, and many of them wisely left their houses until the tide receded

ONE MONTH of HISTORY

A Survey of Current Events During October, 1933

MR. NOEL PANTER, *The Daily Telegraph* Munich correspondent who has been imprisoned by the German Government. He is accused among other things of spreading atrocity reports. World-wide protests followed his arrest

Germany again provided the big story of the month. A nation that had entered the League of Nations to be recognized as "an equal" walked out of it for the same reason. It seemed like snobbishness, or neurosis, raised to an international degree.

Sir John Simon's speech at the Disarmament Conference was seized as the signal. The Foreign Secretary suggested a period of eight years for a gradual scaling down of arms for all nations except disarmed Germany, who was to have a "probation" period under periodical international inspection. The goal was eventual equality and security, with armies of 200,000 for each of the Powers, no heavy tanks, no heavy guns, and a limitation of aircraft.

Germany wanted immediate equality, no probation, a scaling up to her powerful neighbours, and "samples" of the forbidden fruit of tanks, aeroplanes, and big guns. Sir John Simon, voicing the view of non-Germanic nations, said "No" to her re-armament.

Nazi Germany, stamping out of the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations, banged the doors, which re-opened to a flood of war talk and general recrimination.

J'ACCUSE, TU ACCUSES, IL ACCUSE.—France blamed Germany for "unsettling" Europe. Germany blamed the Versailles Treaty and the Allies' broken promises to disarm. Baron von Neurath, German Foreign Minister, blamed Sir John Simon for misrepresenting Germany's claims, and Britain for not sticking to her original plan. The United States bluntly announced that they would take no further part in Europe's disarmament negotiations. Brer Mussolini lay low and said nothing.

The Disarmament Conference adjourned until November, and meanwhile its winding-up sheet was prepared.

THE NOISE OF ARMS.—"We evacuated the Rhineland five years too early—an unpardonable error on our part—to please the pacifists of the world," said France's *Le Jour*. "If we were holding the Rhine bridges until 1935 Hitler would no doubt still be standing on his ladder, house-painting."

"Never in the history of the world has a whole nation prepared for war with the same unanimity and the same enthusiasm as that which is inspiring the German nation at the present time," said Mr. Duff Cooper, British Financial Secretary to the War Office.

Belgium's Cabinet unanimously approved a new programme of national defence, embodying frontier fortifications on the French model. Switzerland largely increased her defence estimates.

Eastern France was seized with spy fever. Twelve arrests were said to have been made of agents working under a mysterious "Belle Sophie" to obtain plans of the "Maginot Line," the new defensive underground system.

Lord Lloyd and *The Daily Mail* started campaigns to increase Britain's inadequate Air Force. Public warning was uttered by Lord Beatty on naval weakness. Even Mr. Baldwin stirred himself to remind the world (including Germany) that Britain adhered to the Locarno Treaty, which bound us to go to the aid of France if attacked by Germany, or Germany if attacked by France.

The Daily Express demanded that we should repudiate Locarno and "stop meddling with Europe," and another London newspaper organized a house-to-house canvass.

Germany, having given in her notice to quit the League, announced income-tax allowances to citizens for work on bomb-proof dug-outs on their property, for money spent on gas-masks, anti-aircraft drill, and alarm systems.

Four thousand miles eastward, Japanese gunners in Jehol fired on Soviet aeroplanes on reconnaissance, and a tense situation arose on the Siberian frontiers.

HITLER ON THE RAMP.—Herr Hitler, with histrionics and mass-oratory, made the most of his key position in the world. He dissolved the Reichstag and ordered a general election for the day after Armistice Day. His campaign to affirm repudiation of Geneva's "unjustifiable and humiliating discrimination against a proud people" started with wild enthusiasm. "Scenes in Berlin were such as have not been witnessed since the declaration of war in 1914," cabled a Berlin correspondent. "From every corner bands played 'Deutschland ueber Alles,' crowds jostled and sang, the ex-Crown Prince was cheered in his pre-war uniform."

Twenty thousand storm troops goose-stepped before the Chancellor in Kelheim, Bavaria. According to a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, orders were issued to the Press to avoid everything that might suggest it was a militaristic display, and to make no mention of artillery salutes, inspection of ranks by the Chief of Staff or participation by the Reichswehr. Photographers were individually warned to circulate only "harmless-looking photographs."

Three days later this English correspondent, Mr. Noel Panter, was arrested and imprisoned. The British Consul-General was refused information or access to him for three days. The British Embassy in Berlin strongly protested to the German Government, after which German officials indicated that Mr. Panter might be charged with high treason (possible extreme penalty—death or imprisonment for life) for obtaining and divulging information prejudicial to the State. Anti-Nazi feeling swelled in Great Britain.

MONEY MAZE.—President Roosevelt puzzled the world by broadcasting, late in October, that there would be "control from time to time of the gold value of our dollar at home." He authorized the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to buy gold mined in the U.S. at prices above those ruling in world markets.

It was both a sign that the U.S. "Prosperity Campaign" had not yielded much that was hoped of it, and a move to placate inflationists and quieten Middle West farmers on strike until the prices for their products could be increased.

Domestic gold was bought by the U.S. Treasury at premiums up to 40 cents per fine ounce. Gold in the foreign markets rose, and gold-mining shares recovered all they had dropped in recent weeks.

Explaining the new move in a newspaper cable, Professor Irving Fisher, political economist at Yale University, said:

> "The internal purchasing power of the dollar is measured by size of a market basket, so to speak, or diminutive assortment of representative commodities in representative proportions—wheat, cotton, lumber, and so on, worth as a whole one dollar, reckoning at current wholesale prices of the constituent commodities."

What could be simpler than that?

"THE RUBBER DOLLAR."—It seemed that the U.S. President was trying to set up a "commodity dollar" instead of a gold one as the standard of trade, with gold rising or falling in terms of the value of commodities, rather than with commodities following gold. The term "rubber dollar" came into use.

President Roosevelt was said to be ignoring the factors of outside trade, being concerned only with raising prices at home. But later operations were suddenly extended to the buying of gold abroad, with dollars not redeemable in gold. The intention and its effect became more puzzling than ever.

Expert opinion on the strange experiments swayed all round the financial compass. Early impressions were that it was to reduce the value of the dollar without admitting inflation. Warnings were published that in the result France and other countries might be forced off the gold standard, and that Britain, in support of her export trade, might be driven to depreciate the pound in competition with the dollar.

Meanwhile, the dollar fell to close upon parity with the pound.

THE FRANC IN DANGER.—In the early hours of October 24 M. Daladier's French Government, faced with a deficit of £48,000,000, was defeated on Budget proposals to reduce State salaries and put a special tax on fixed incomes.

Outside the Chamber, a demonstration by traditionally tax-shy French citizens clashed with police. Inside, M. Daladier's Government fell, despite the Premier's warning that "unless inflation is definitely renounced and made impossible, it will surely return; unless France makes the last effort needed to reach the summit of recovery, we shall inevitably fall back into the abyss. Not only the national finances but the democratic regime itself may well be at stake."

A Socialist deputy calculated that the extent of tax evasion in France was nearly twice her total deficit.

M. Albert Sarraut, former French Minister of Marine, on the resignation of M. Daladier, formed an uneasy new Government, which in reality was the old one reshuffled with M. Daladier remaining at the Ministry of War.

A BY-ELECTION LANDSLIDE.—In the first of six imminent by-elections Mr. J. C. Wilmot, Labour candidate, heavily defeated Mr. W. J. Waldron, the Conservative, in East Fulham. It was the first time this borough had ever elected a Socialist, and the first time the Conservatives had lost it since 1918. Figures:

> Wilmot, 17,790; Waldron, 12,950. Labour majority, 4,840. Last General Election result: Conservative, 23,438; Labour, 8,917; Liberal, 1,788. Conservative majority, 14,521. It was the fourth seat lost by the Government in twenty-four by-elections.

BREEZE OVER INDIA.—The Conservative party, meanwhile, had a lively annual conference in Birmingham. Rank and file revolt over the official White Paper proposals for a new Constitution in India was threatened. A timidly worded resolution expressing anxiety was made by Mr. Neville Chamberlain to appear as a censure of No Confidence on the Government. Party orthodoxy then won by 747 votes to 344. It was the biggest Conservative breach recorded under the National Government, and did not enhance ministerial prestige, though the "Yes-men" carried the day.

Later in the month Mr. Winston Churchill, smoking one cigar after another, talked for hours and hours before the Joint Committee on India, submitted an alternative plan with greater safeguards for British interests, argued much, and parted from the Committee amid a fine, old-world salute of mutual compliments.

STORM OVER PALESTINE.—Bloodshed, riots, and a general strike by Arabs in Palestine resulted from the circulation by agitators of wildly-exaggerated figures of Jewish immigration from Germany. A forbidden procession to Jaffa was fired on by police, after charges with batons had failed to disperse the crowd. British and local police were assaulted in Jerusalem, and there also police shots were fired at snipers. Casualties in the two cities during three days of rioting were: Police, 2 dead and 43 injured; rioters, 27 dead and over 200 injured.

MORE AIR RECORDS.—The England to Australia flight record was twice broken. Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, flying solo in a low-wing monoplane, did the 9,600 miles in 7 days 5 hours. His daily average was 1,400 miles. During the flight he suffered from fainting fits and carbon monoxide poisoning.

With a navigator and two relief pilots, Mr. Charles Ulm did the journey two weeks later in 6 days 18 hours.

BULLETS IN AUSTRIA.—Austria's Chancellor Dollfuss nearly missed celebrating his forty-first birthday. On October 3, the day before it, he was shot at and wounded by a young Austrian Nazi, in the lobby of the Parliament building in Vienna. His wounds, in the right arm and left breast, were found not to be serious. The Heimwehr-Fascist militia were mobilized, armed police patrolled the streets, and tension remained for several days.

ITALY SEES BLOOD.—Italians were more excited over Primo Carnera's fight in Rome with the Basque woodchopper, Paolino Uzcudun, than over squabbles among nations. Their heavyweight champion, heaving under the patronage of Signor Mussolini, climbed through the ropes before 70,000 frantic spectators. Wearing a black shirt and black pants, he "looked like King Kong."

The fight went the full fifteen rounds; "the ring was slippery with blood, and the Basque, drenched with it and dazed with bruises, cheek-bones gashed, and with blood pouring from a scalp wound, was horrible to watch."

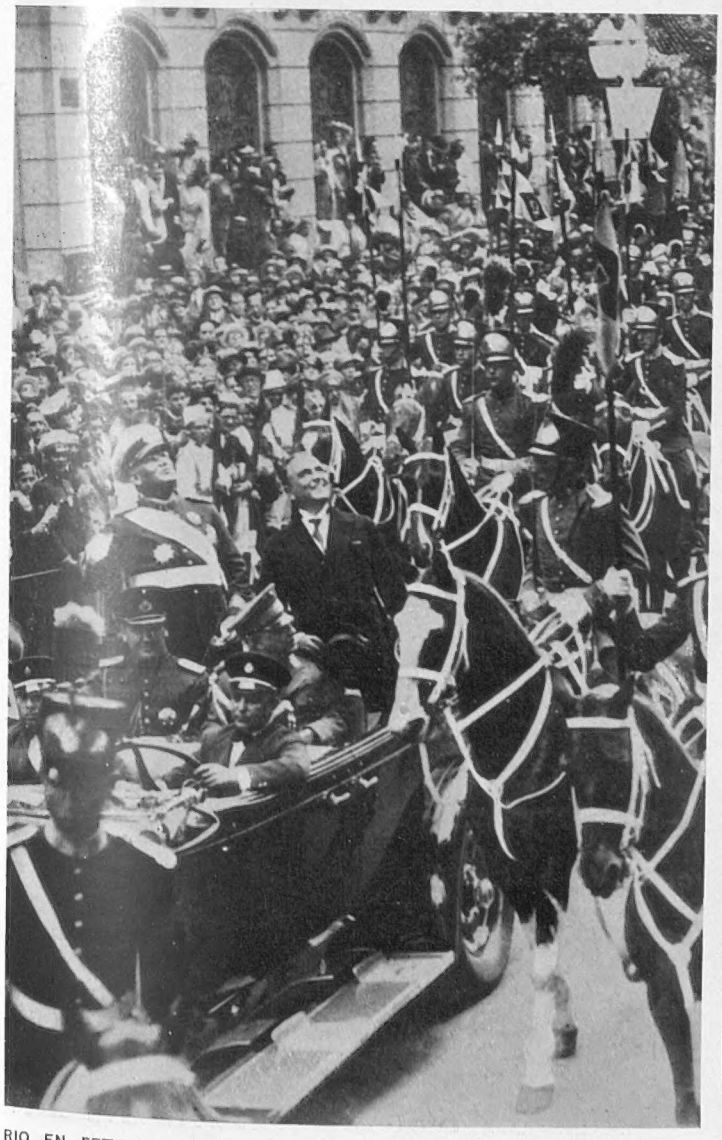
After the fight Primo was embraced by Signor Mussolini, who made him a Fascist "able-bodied corporal." Most of the gate-money went to the Fascist party.

A. B.

THE "ROYAL SCOT" AT LOS ANGELES

And Other Events of the Moment

A TRIUMPHAL TOUR: The "Royal Scot" at Los Angeles station after completing the transcontinental journey from Chicago where she had been on exhibition in the Transportation Building of the World's Fair. By November 12, when her tour of Canada and the United States ends at Montreal, the famous L.M.S. locomotive will have covered over 12,000 miles of track and will have visited over seventy-five places of importance

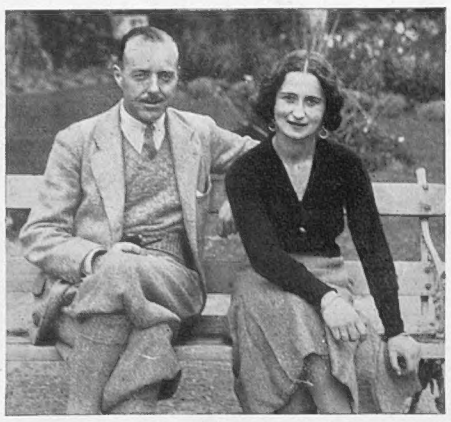


RIO EN FETE: President Justo (in uniform), of Argentina, was accorded a tumultuous reception on his recent visit to Rio de Janeiro to attend a series of conferences with President Getulio Vargas (in frock coat), of Brazil. As a result of their meeting an anti-war pact was agreed upon by the two nations

THE ASHES OF DON VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ, the distinguished Spanish novelist, who died in 1928, resting in state outside the Town Hall at Mentone before their transference to the Spanish battleship, *Jaime I*, which is taking them to Valencia. On the same day the first stone of a monument in honour of the author was laid in the Place Borrigo and sealed by Señor Romero, the Spanish Minister of Marine. *Inset above*—Señora Ibañez standing before the bust of her husband in the grounds of the villa "Fontana Rosa" at Mentone

IN THE LIMELIGHT

SIR ERIC DRUMMOND, the new British Ambassador to Rome, with his daughter and the Italian Chargé d'Affaires at Victoria prior to his departure for Italy



A SOCIETY WEDDING AT BLACK ISLE: Captain Charles J. Shaw-Mackenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who is at present on leave from Palestine, and Miss Lilian Elford who were married last week at Avoch Church, Black Isle, Ross-shire

A TUDOR ROMANCE: Mr. Michael Unwin-Heathcote and Miss Jane Seymour, a direct descendant of the uncle of her Tudor namesake, seen as they descended the King's stairs at Hampton Court after their wedding in the Chapel Royal

THE CAMERA INTRUDES: This picture was taken in the dark at the Leicester Square Cinema during the London première of the British film, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. It will be noticed that several male members of the audience appear unshaven. This curious effect is the result of the highly penetrating qualities of infra-red rays. The three figures on the left are Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, senr, Mr. Noel Coward, and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, jun. Mr. Charles Laughton is on the extreme right

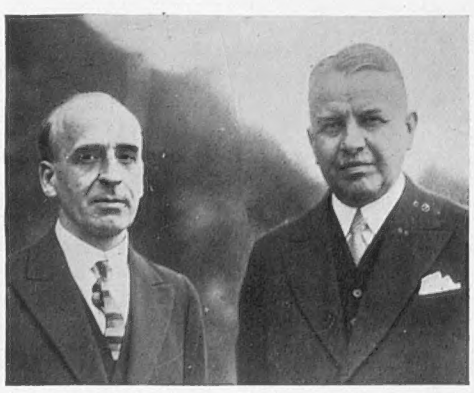
TO TAKE PART IN THE GEORGIAN BALL: Miss Mary Ridgeley-Carter as her ancestress, Lady Baltimore. The ball will take place at the Dorchester on November 7

MADAME MARTHE McKENNA, the war-time woman spy who warned the Allies of the likelihood of the Germans using poison gas, seen during her recent visit to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where she stayed during the presentation of the film version of her book, *I Was a Spy*

PLOT AGAINST THE VICEROY'S HEIR: Viscount Ratendone (in bowler hat) who had a narrow escape last week when a would-be assassin, believed to be an Indian, gained access to his London home. The man, who was armed with an 18-in. knife, made his escape after being observed by Miss Dorota Flatau, a neighbour

AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE MAGICIANS' CLUB at the Park Lane Hotel. Left to right—Mr. F. L. Griggs, R.A., Mrs. A. Broadhurst, Mr. Scott Sunderland, and Mrs. C. W. Nevinson

MR. MICHAEL ARLEN, the distinguished playwright, greeting his wife and two children on their arrival at Victoria Station from Paris. They are making a short stay in England



AN IRISHMAN TO GOVERN DANZIG: Mr. Sean Lester (left) who has been appointed High Commissioner of the League in the Free City with Dr. J. J. Perber, the representative of the Danzig Government. Mr. Lester has been a delegate to the League since 1929

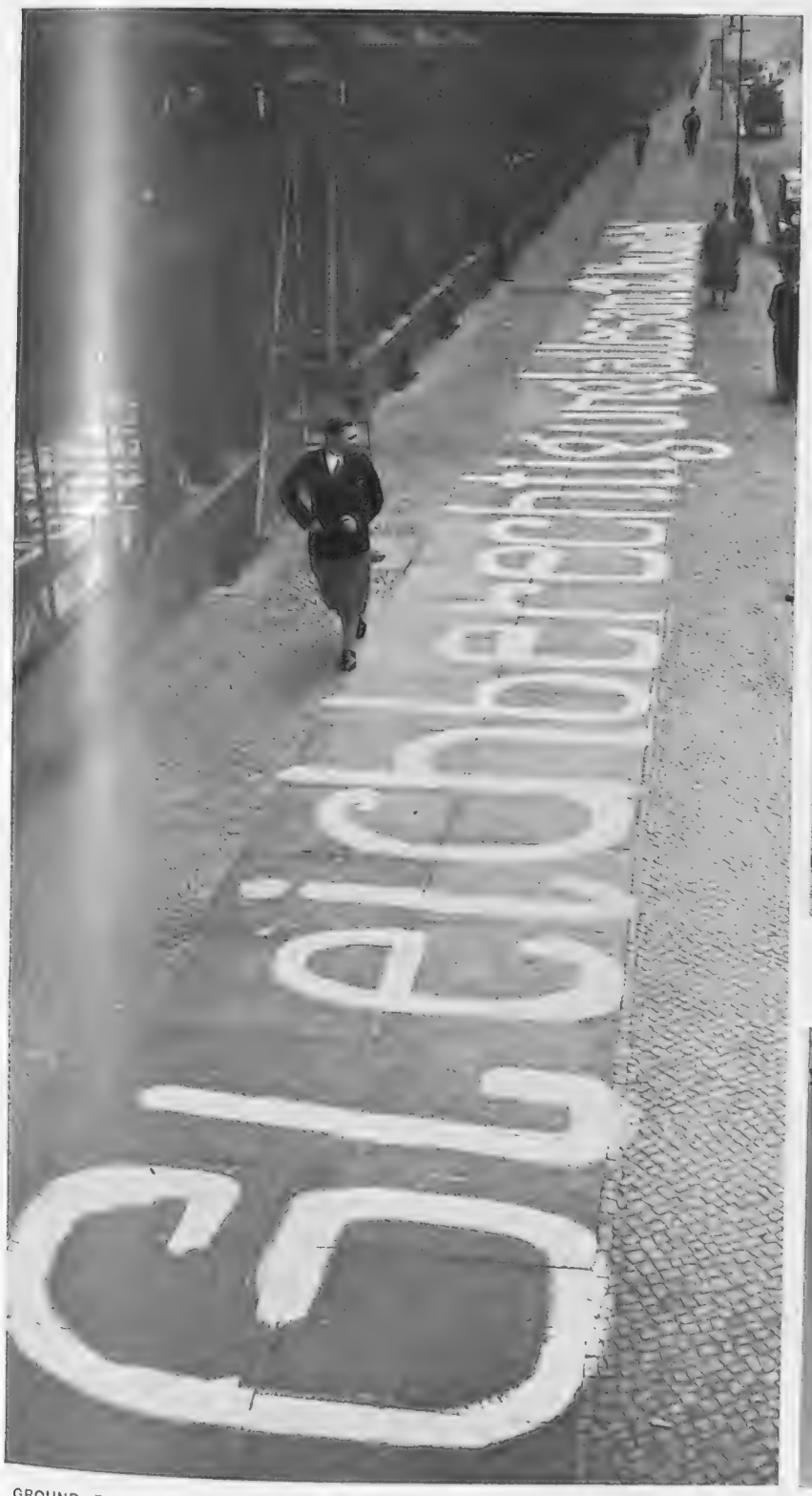
THE REV. A. E. JENNINGS AND MR. DOUGLAS BUCHANAN, who acted as advisers to acting-chief Tshekedi during his trial at Palapye Rd., Bechuanaland, seen on arrival in England. They are here to report to Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Secretary of State for the Dominions

M. ALBERT SARRAUT TAKES THE HELM IN FRANCE

FRANCE'S NEW PRIME MINISTER: M. Albert Sarraut, Senator, doctor of law, and journalist, who was successful last week in forming a Cabinet to take the place of that of M. Daladier. The former Prime Minister remains in the Government as head of the War Department

HATS OFF TO THE PREMIER: M. Albert Sarraut leaving a Cabinet meeting. He is greatly interested in the development of France's Colonial Empire

PAVEMENT PROPAGANDA IN NAZI GERMANY



GROUND BAIT: A Nazi inscription, calling for German equality, adorning the pavement of a Berlin thoroughfare

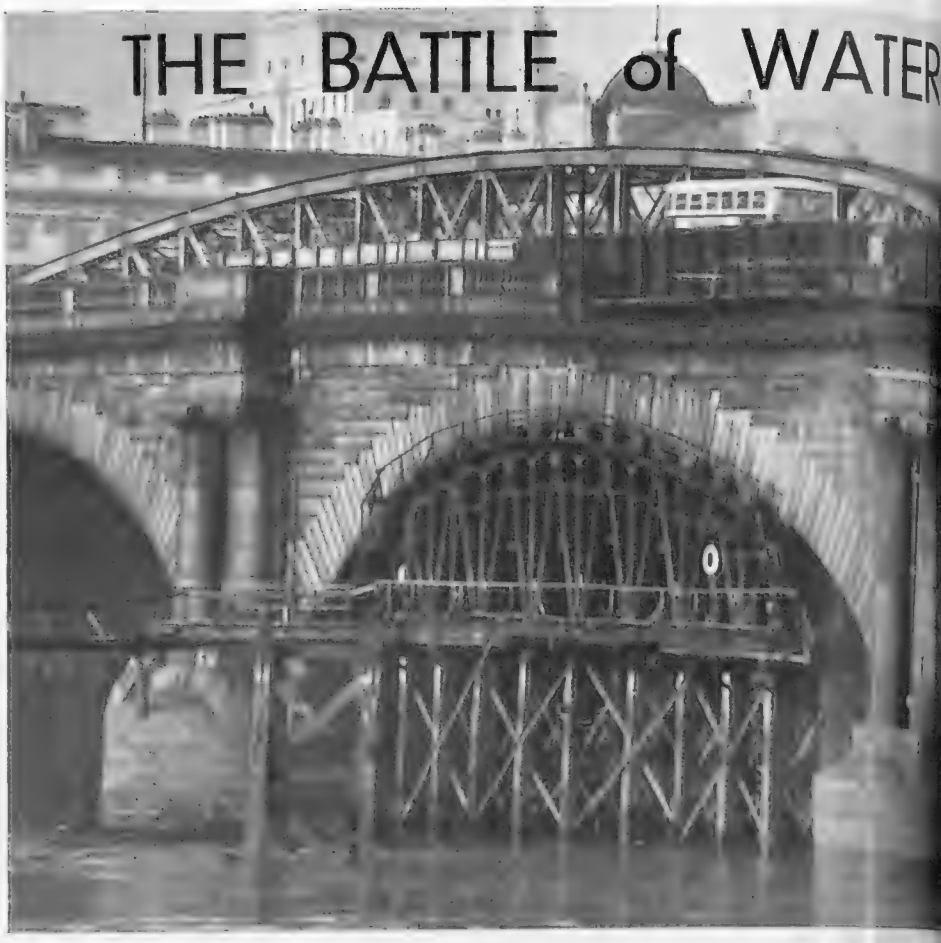
"HITLER'S FIGHT IS A FIGHT FOR THE PEACE OF THE WORLD": A Nazi election announcement in the streets of Berlin

POLITICAL PUBLICITY: The Nazi administration is employing every available space for its election propaganda in the cities of Germany. This demand for "Peace and Justice" was painted on the cobble-stones of a Berlin square

"HITLER FOR PEACE AND JUSTICE": Another Nazi election announcement which can scarcely apply to the Chancellor's view-point on the Jewish question

THE BOWING OUT OF THE PARAPETS: At several points along the Western side of the bridge the disturbed alignment of the granite parapet capping is clearly discernible to the eye. Above pier No. 5 the balustrading has had to be removed

THE BATTLE of WATER



THE GREAT SAG: It was at pier No. 5 (in centre) that the alarming sinking occurred some surface and the bowing of the parapets had become obvious even to the hurrying City to be taken to shore up archways 5 and 6 with timber structure

THE OLD AND THE NEW: On the left is the temporary steel girder bridge which was quickly erected and has served its purpose very well. On the right is the old bridge which easily carries the existing northward bound traffic

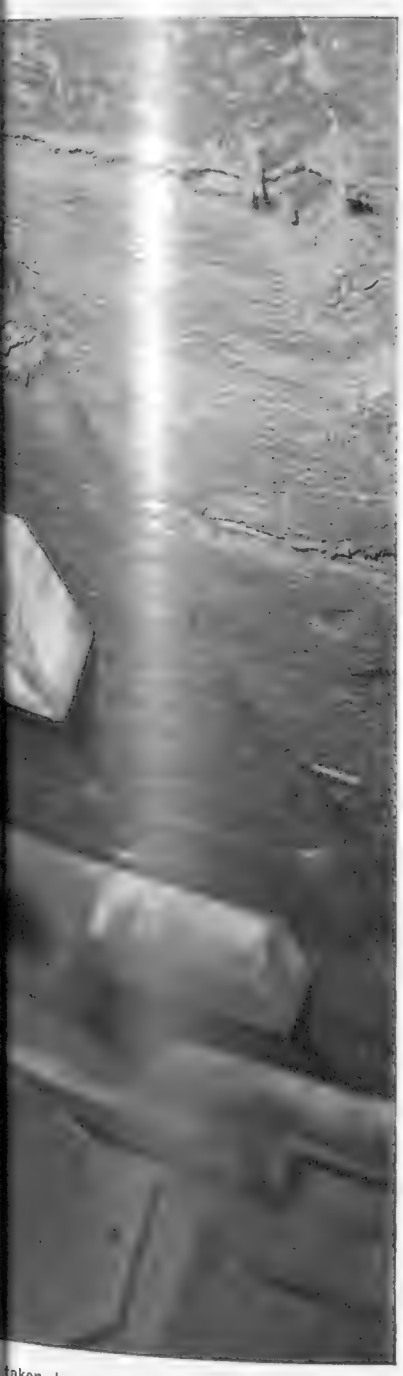
LONDON'S MOST IMPOSING BRIDGE: Mr. Algernon Newton has caught the dignity of Rennie's structure in this view from the Southern shore. The picture was painted before the erection of Brettenham House

AN INFRA-RED IMPRESSION: This view was taken from the East side of the bridge and looking towards the Northern bank of the river

HOW RENNIE'S GRANITE ARCHES HAVE BEEN SUPPORTED: This picture w with considerable difficulty. The camera was brought up close under t arch, and a detailed view was obtained of the timber wedges and ste strain of the sinking masonry *(see artic*

LOO BRIDGE

ten years ago. The droop in the road worker, and rapid measures had



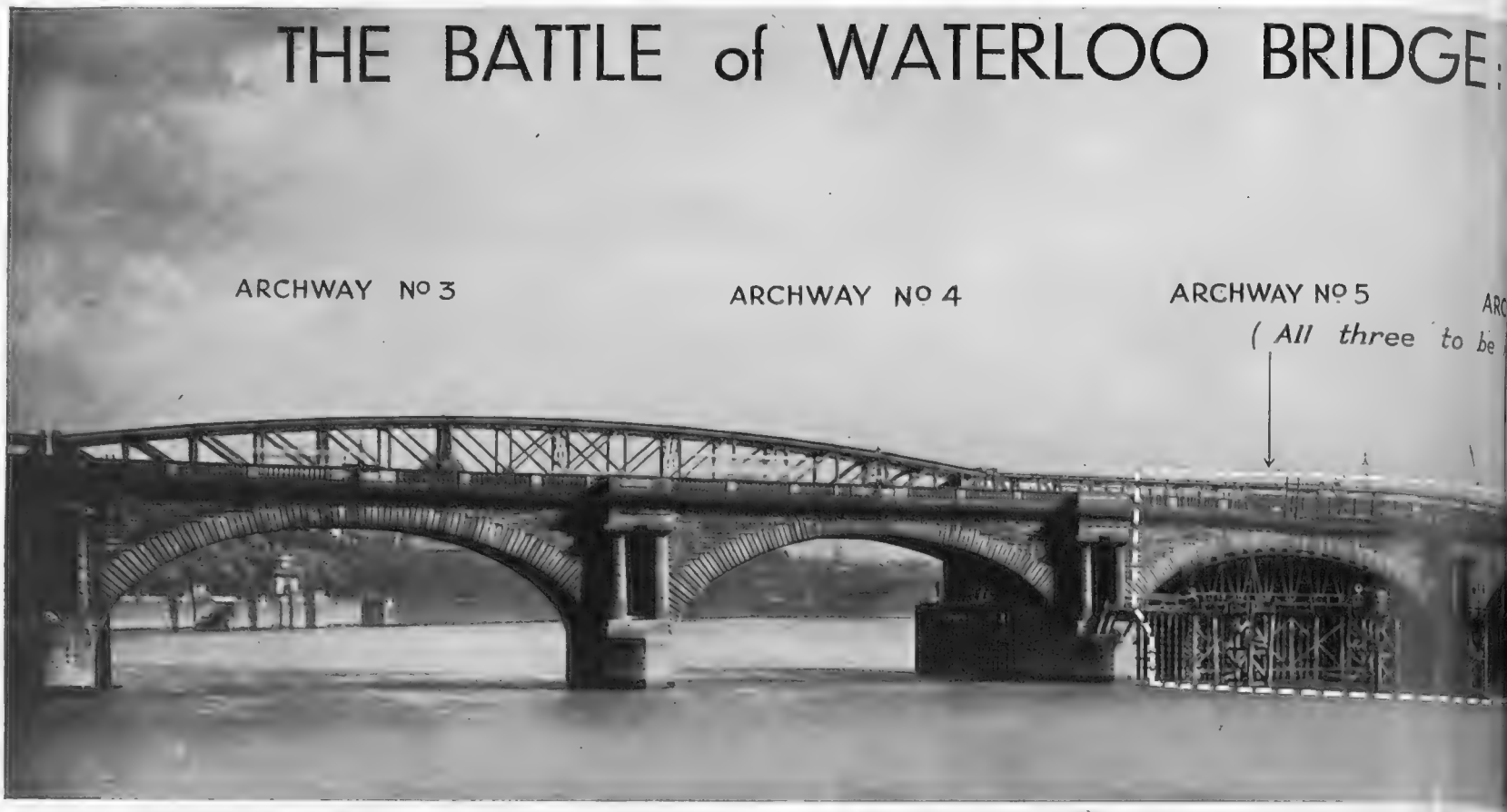
taken by flashlight and ribbed surface of the crutches which take the *following pages)*

PIER NO. 8: This picture has been specially taken to show the massive dignity of the columns and entablature of Rennie's design. These pillar units are repeated eight times across the river in coupled columns appearing also in the abutments both on the North and South sides

Special "Sphere" pictures

FROM UNDER THE NINTH ARCHWAY: On a timber pier jutting outwards from the Southern shore there is a particularly picturesque view of barges and piles backed by the rising dome of St. Paul's

THE BATTLE of WATERLOO BRIDGE:



THE PORTION OF WATERLOO BRIDGE WHICH IS TO BE TAKEN DOWN AND REBUILT: This photographic diagram has been indicated within white dotted lines, and contractors have been invited to make their own suggestions

JOHN RENNIE: The famous civil engineer who built Waterloo Bridge. He was born at Phantassie Farm, East Lothian, on June 7, 1761

The story of Waterloo Bridge is a long one, and many wordy battles have been fought concerning it. For some time a state of armed neutrality has existed. Now the L.C.C. has issued a statement to the effect that the bridge will be repaired and widened to carry four lines of traffic, at an approximate cost of £685,000, and tenders have been invited. Once more, metaphorically speaking, Waterloo Bridge is cleared for battle, and every party is busy sharpening its weapons and generally preparing itself to dash into the fray if necessary.

This state of war has lasted for so long that many people have naturally forgotten the details of individual skirmishes, attacks, counter-attacks, parties, dates, and proposals. So let us review the whole matter.

When Rennie was asked to design this bridge he was set a difficult problem. He had to take into consideration the long and noble façade of Somerset House, the very considerable difference in height between the North and South sides of the river at this point, and the blue clay forming the river bed with a thin layer of gravel on the South side. He achieved a masterpiece. Artists of all kinds acclaim Waterloo Bridge as the finest bridge in London, while engineers extol it as the best masonry bridge ever constructed. Originally intended to be called the Strand Bridge, the name was altered by Act of Parliament in 1816, and it was adopted as a memorial of the Battle of Waterloo. It was opened by the Prince Regent in 1817.

That the foundations of the bridge have in places given way is not Rennie's fault, but is the result of circumstances which he could not possibly foresee. His methods of constructing these foundations were entirely original and had never been used to such an extent in a tidal river in England before, but Rennie had had considerable experience in making cofferdams at the London and East India Docks and was confident of their success for his bridge. So elliptical cofferdams were used, inside which the piers were founded on piles at 8 ft. 6 in. deep closely spiked together, the spaces between these timbers and the heads of the piles being filled in with brick and stone. On this foundation, which was 9 ft. below the lowest ebb of the tide, the piers, 30 ft. wide at the base, were built in blocks of granite of a much greater size than any previously used in this country. Rennie made no mistake with these foundations, but what he could not know was that at a later date the flow and scour of the river would be increased.

In 1823 old London Bridge was removed. Its many small and inconvenient arches had checked the incoming tide, but after the destruction it was found in 1837 that the unhindered flow of the tide had scoured away some of the gravel from around five of the piers of Waterloo Bridge on the Surrey side. The building of the Thames Embankment, completed in 1874, increased the scour. It has in fact been known for over forty years that this increased flow of the river, coupled with dredging, had caused the second, third, fourth, and fifth piers, counting from the Surrey side, to sink, though only very slightly. By 1923 the fourth pier had sunk rather more than 11 in., and the chief engineer of the L.C.C. attempted underpinning by means of grouting, that is liquid cement was forced at high pressure beneath the wooden trestle. The only result was the loosening and departure of the remainder of the gravel. The chief engineer admitted his mistake, and the pier sank another 11 in. in less than two years. In 1924 timber supports were put beneath the two adjoining arches, and a temporary bridge was built and opened to the public in 1925.

Meanwhile the battle had begun. The L.C.C. entered the lists on April 8, 1924, when they first took the decision to build a new and wider bridge. They referred the matter to a special committee on Thames bridges, and on receiving their report in February, 1925, decided that, provided there was a subway under the Strand, a new bridge to take six lines of traffic should be built. Such a subway happens to be altogether impracticable for many reasons.

But as soon as the L.C.C. declared their intention to destroy Rennie's bridge the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the London Society, the Town Planning Institute, the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute of British Architects, and the Architecture Club sprang forward to its defence. Mr. H. Dalrymple-Hay, the engineer of London's Underground Railways, was called in, and no greater authority on under-river work exists. He showed that the wooden platform on which the pier rests could be encased in a steel box, while a shaft from the surface of the roadway could be bored through into this steel case. By this means and with the aid of compressed air the work of cutting away the wooden trestles and replacing them with concrete, in fact underpinning, could be carried on from inside the steel case without interfering with river traffic.

Mr. Dalrymple-Hay maintained that the cost of underpinning the bridge safely for perpetuity would

A PIER DIAGRAM SPECIALLY TAKEN BY THE INFRA-RED PROCESS: In all technical descriptions of the bridge the numbering of the piers now runs from North to South. Pier No. 1 stands wholly out in the stream of the river; this, with Nos. 3 and 7, is to be underpinned and will not be subject to

How it is Proposed to Save Rennie's Masterpiece

specially made for "The Sphere" to show where the most drastic work has to be undertaken. This portion is for the best method of taking down and rebuilding arches 5, 6, and 7

cost £650,000 as opposed to the £1,000,000 approved by the L.C.C. in 1924 for their new bridge. In spite of the fact that his opinion was backed up by many other notable engineers, and that three different contractors made tenders for the work, the L.C.C. refused to believe that this method of underpinning was practicable.

So strong and divided were the opinions about what should be done that in 1926 a Royal Commission was appointed to consider the whole question of cross-river traffic. After a great deal of hard work the Commission reported in favour of the preservation of Waterloo Bridge.

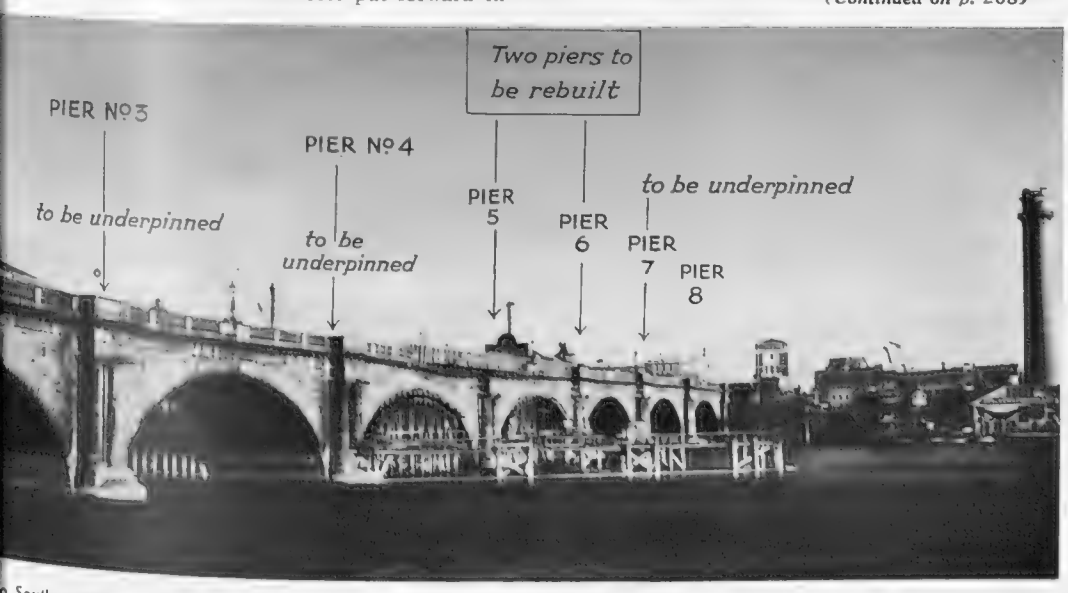
It advised the rebuilding of the piers on the Surrey side and reconditioning the rest at a cost of over £800,000. To meet the traffic requirements the Commission considered a new road bridge at Charing Cross to be essential. These proposals were supported by a committee of engineers, and a scheme for Charing Cross Bridge with the station on the South side of the river was drawn up and presented to Parliament in February, 1930. It was adopted by a large majority, but subsequently thrown out by a special committee. So in June an advisory committee was set up by the L.C.C. and instructed to produce an agreed scheme for a bridge at Charing Cross. But the committee could come to no satisfactory agreement, and finally submitted six different schemes, one of which they recommended for adoption. This one was accepted by the L.C.C. in March, 1931, but in July the Minister of Transport intimated that he could no longer agree to contribute to the cost of a new Charing Cross Bridge, and the proposal fell to the ground.

The Improvements Committee of the L.C.C. then decided, regardless of the recommendations of the Royal Commission, to have a new Waterloo Bridge with six lines of traffic. The cost put forward in these proposals was to be £1,300,000, including the removal of the old bridge. This sum was immediately disputed on the grounds that it would cost at least £500,000 to remove the existing bridge, and that the remaining £800,000 was utterly inadequate for the purpose of erecting and maintaining a temporary bridge and building a new permanent one. Moreover, the time required for demolishing the old and building a new bridge would be seven years, during which both road and river traffic would be seriously impeded. The result, according to the findings of the Royal Commission, would be a great deal of wasted money and time and a new bridge of no particular value, since the bridge at Charing Cross and not at Waterloo was the key to the question of cross-river traffic.

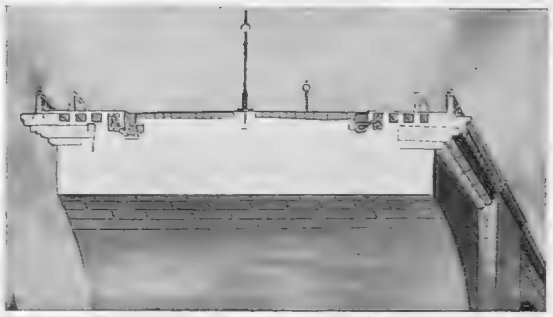
However, the issue was finally decided in the House of Commons on June 1, 1932, when by a majority of sixty-eight the House ordered that the clause relating to a new Waterloo Bridge should be deleted from the L.C.C. Money Bill. The Council was subsequently asked by the Ministry of Transport to prepare and submit estimates for reconditioning the bridge. The engineer's report was later considered by the Government, and the Council was advised that "His Majesty's Government have come to the conclusion that there is no alternative but to proceed to recondition the existing bridge (at an estimated cost of £685,000) as proposed in the engineer's report, and to suggest that the question of the design to be adopted for corbelling out the bridge should be referred to the Royal Fine Art Commission. The Minister (of Transport) will be prepared to make a grant of 60 per cent. of the approved cost of reconditioning the bridge on these lines."

It was not until February of this year that the L.C.C. agreed to carry out this work, and only in the

(Continued on p. 208)

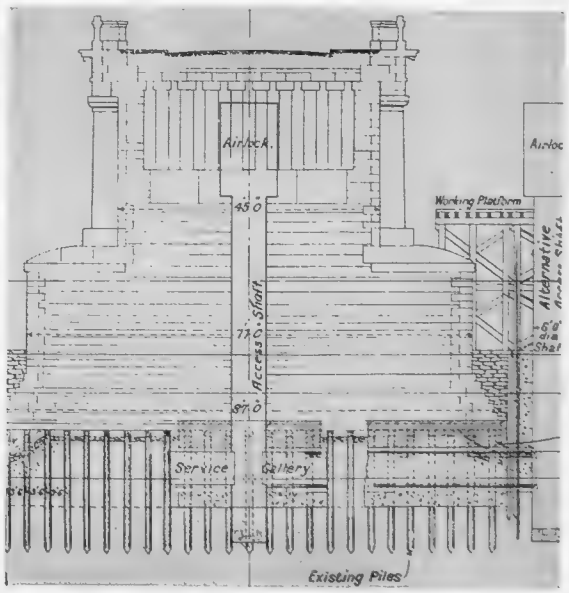


South. Pier No. 1 is that which rests at the edge of the north bank of the river. No. 2 is the first pier to the complete reconstruction scheduled for Nos. 5 and 6



CORBELLING OUT: A cross-section diagram showing the process of widening which some years ago was successfully carried out on London Bridge

HOW WATERLOO BRIDGE IS TO BE WIDENED: This is a portion of a design approved last week by the L.C.C., and prepared by Mr. G. Topham Forrest in collaboration with the engineers. The balustrades will be corbelled out to increase the width of the roadway



HIDDEN WALLS: This cross-section of Pier No. 4 shows how the road surface is supported on a row of eight walls, and also indicates the position of the air-lock and access shaft which Mr. H. Dalrymple-Hay has proposed as a means of gaining access to the piers

THE NEW YORK MIDNIGHT FOLLIES OF 1933: Some of the loveliest girls of America who provide the outstanding attraction at the Dorchester

I still cannot make up my mind about these gorgeous orchidaceous specimens of American chorushood who are appearing in the Midnight Follies show at the Dorchester. London has never seen anything like them before. Having spent a complete afternoon with two blondes and a brunette, I am still baffled. Are they all hard-boiled all through, or are they all just hard-boiled on top? Or are some of them not hard-boiled at all? A noble earl who is one of the six of his rank dancing attendance on Les Girls assures me earnestly that they are perfectly charming and in no sense tough. Whichever they are, they are having a grand success. Between them they can claim the scalps of one marquess, six earls, two barons, five baronets, and a whole flock of knights and Guards' officers—not to mention three Maharajahs. Oh yes, I could give all their names. And to think that none of Les Girls was more than four years old when the War broke out!

Members of Parliament, like Captain Cunningham-Reid, invite quartettes of them down to their country estates. The parties that are given for them in London start at four o'clock in the afternoon and continue with the slight break for the midnight performance until five o'clock in the morning. Jewellers and furriers are experiencing a boom, although in the latter case every girl in the show had at least one silver fox fur given her within a week of their arrival in Paris—and Sandra Rambeau had four. Sandra, I may say, is now on her way to Calcutta with another girl from the show called Gertrude Sheffield in the suite of the Prince of Nepal.

The average age of these girls is twenty. They come from all parts of the United States. One of them is the daughter of an American Rhodes scholar and is going to spend a day at Oxford, where she has any number of letters of introduction to the more elderly of the dons. But whatever their background, Les Girls talk with astonishing frankness about themselves, and particularly what they had to drink the previous evening. Words like "pie-eyed," "tiddley pops," and "tight" stud their conversation.

BARBARA NEWBERRY: A talented star of the Follies

"LES GIRLS": Two striking and contrastingly coiffured members of the Follies. Evelyn Crowell (*left*) is blonde and interested in card parties and literature. Virgil Dodd (*above*) is a brunette and, according to Mr. Graves, a complete cynic

The average time Les Girls go to bed is 5 a.m., and the average time they get up is 2 p.m. Walter Winchell, the most feared columnist in America, secures much of his inside information from these girls. For the sake of our aristocracy I trust they will not spill too many beans on their return in the New Year. They know far more than is good for Mayfair already.

"These girls do not care a hang about anything," said Clifford Whitley, who is largely responsible for their importation over here. "The other day it was arranged that they should all turn up to be photographed at 3.30. Only two of them were there. At four o'clock there were six. Half an hour later, after a lot of chasing about, we had collected sixteen. They were told to change into their show clothes, and they all disappeared saying it was too cold and they were tired. Besides, they

TO BE WISE

Or the Return of the Stage-Door Johnny

—A Twentieth-Century Romance

By CHARLES GRAVES

had 'dates.' If they had been English chorus girls we would have fired them. But they have an insolent beauty which atones for a lot.

"Oh, yes, they are sweet kids, but they are hopelessly spoilt. They are having the time of their lives, but it's impossible to keep 'em in order. I could get all the English chorus girls I wanted for £4 a week. These have to be paid £10. The English girls could dance their heads off. So it is not a question of efficiency. It is a matter of sex consciousness and personality, and that is what the customers want. This is easy to prove. In the first week of their arrival, the hotel took £3,121 more than in the corresponding week last year. I suppose a Frenchman would call them *allumeuses*."

ANN ROTH of the Midnight Follies. She is a sister of Lilian Roth, the film star, is red-haired and seventeen

Really, the attraction their provocative qualities. One delicious blonde has Edna Ferber's latest book and Maurois' *Voltaire* in her sitting-room. And on reflection I do not think they were put there for local colour. The girl has also trotted round the British Museum quite a lot. Not so Gay Delys, who was still in bed at 3.1 in the afternoon when I called on her. "What do you think of London?" she asked sleepily. "I like it. It is so picturesque, and the roofs are so quaint. I got up the other morning and looked at them and said to myself, 'Isn't that odd-looking?' Sure, I *often* get up in the morning, and I notice lots of things. Why, yesterday I noticed that the cars are all on the wrong side of the street in London. But I've seen no depression yet. But then I wouldn't. The other day I woke up feeling cold, but I said to myself, 'Well, at least, Gay, you're getting three meals a day, and it would be mighty cold hunting a job in New York.' So I settled back in bed again, a bit blue perhaps, but unless I'm hanging crêpe I don't feel at home.

"Englishmen? Every man I've met over here is a gentleman. I think they are swell. How do I define a gentleman? Well, I didn't know much about them before I came to London. These are the first I've ever met. But it would be terrible if I got a crush on one of these fellows. One of them is so bashful that it almost makes me sore. Yet I am glad, because I don't have to pop him on the nose. He sits way off from me and I think 'Well, maybe you feel as I did when my boy in Monte Carlo gave me the air.' But these college kids. They are like the ones back home. All they have in mind is to get pie-eyed and unable to get out of the speak-easy they take you to. I went to one in London the other night, and I cried so hard that I cried my make-up off six times. When I got back to the hotel I found a man in evening dress in my bedroom. I told him to get out before we were both thrown out. Then he told me he was the floor waiter, and so he was."

Carl Randall and Barbara Newberry who are enchanting fashionable London with their dancing at the Dorchester

BALANCE AND BEAUTY

Miss Delys raised herself on her elbows. "I am going to have a couple of picture tests done," she went on. "I'm not the prettiest thing in the world, but I can get along. Besides, I am drinking milk three times a day. It's put colour in my cheeks and maybe I won't have to send to New York for my fur coat. My blood is getting to be so much thicker."

Miss Delys comes from Texas. She, like all of Les Girls except one, is unmarried. Even though she was suffering from what she called a violent hang-over and had no make-up on her face and her hair was in curlers, she was as pretty as a picture. I don't know how they do it.

Now for a dossier of some of the girls. Miss Betty Hamilton is the daughter of the Rhodes scholar. She is the only outdoor girl of the lot. She is an expert swimmer and has been in forty-seven out of the forty-eight States in the United States. Ann Roth is the sister of Lilian Roth, the film star. She is red-haired and seventeen and what you call "cute." Billy Burns is only sixteen. She has natural ash-blonde hair, a mother with her, and a small black Aberdeen puppy. Betty Sundmark is very conscious of her resemblance to Thelma Lady Furness, and spends her spare time flying with a marquess. She speaks slowly and dreamily and is very dark.

Flo Ward has lovely eyes, classical features, and is rather like Lady Castlerosse to look at. Mary Phillips has one of the nicest dispositions. She is very quiet and a complete fatalist. Jean Audrey, the married one, is hoping for a divorce to marry an Englishman. She is a blonde like Evelyn Crowell, the only widow of them all, whom I liked very much indeed. Evelyn is very fond of card parties and literature. She shares a suite with Virgil Dodd, who is a complete cynic with a dry sense of humour which is not always appreciated. Hilda Knight is very quiet and philosophical, despite her Titian hair.

Virgil Dodd told me that she had a grand time at Eton "watching the little boys in their darling little frocktail coats." Evelyn Crowell said "the

(Continued on p. 208)

THE WITCHERY OF FLYING FEET: Members of the Follies rehearsing in the open air during their summer visit to Monte Carlo

TEACHING ENGLISH at a JAPANESE UNIVERSITY

Where Enthusiastic Students are taking an Ever-increasing Interest in Our Literature and Language

By R. V. C. BODLEY

Who has just completed five months as a Professor at Keio

Though not given to delving into international systems of education, I was accidentally able to obtain an insight into the methods of teaching the Japanese University student, which perhaps surprised me more than anything else in Japan.

A friend of mine who taught English at Keio University in Tokio wished to go home on a holiday; but such an eventuality not being reckoned for in the terms of his contract and the authorized vacation not giving him sufficient time to make the journey there and back, he asked me to fill his place for five months.

During my varied career I had found myself following unexpected vocations, but the rôle of professor was strange to me, and in this case all the more so as I was to make my first attempt at teaching with Japanese youths in their late teens as my pupils. However, being of an inquisitive nature and not suffering from self-consciousness, I agreed to do my friend this service and took over my duties without further preliminaries.

Keio University is the oldest of its kind in Japan and at first sight suggests architecturally a college at Oxford or Cambridge, in spite of the school arms, in the guise of crossed pen nibs, over the main entrance and on the caps of the students.

Its general aim is "to send forth into the world a large number of young men, sound in mind and body, strong in character and full of aspirations for purity in private life as well as for a career of useful service to Society," and as it interests us, "to insist more strongly on a thorough study of the English language than in other similar institutions of learning in Japan, believing in the importance of this language not only as the best medium for introducing the Western civilization into the country but also as the most widely used language in political, commercial, and other relations between nations." Remembering the treatment which it was the custom at Eton and Sandhurst to mete out to French and German masters, I felt slightly apprehensive as to the way I would be received when I first took over my duties as a Japanese schoolmaster, and looked cautiously at my chair for the proverbial drawing-pins. My fears were, however, unfounded, and during the whole time I was at Keio I never encountered anything suggestive of a "rag" of a foreign master. On the contrary, I met with courtesy and manners superior to those of an English public-school boy. On one occasion I was presented with a bunch of flowers by two young men who came all the way to my house to bring the gift, and I am sure that had I been able to speak Japanese I could have established intimate contact with some of the boys who were obviously anxious to be friendly.

In spite of the aspirations of Keio's founder the teaching of English is elementary and, for reasons which I shall point out later, not unqualifiedly successful. The books read by my students included *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, stories from Stevenson and O. Henry (the choice of this type of literature, I believe, being made on the grounds that while giving exercise in everyday colloquial English the actual story retains the students' interest), and the term's programme also took in dictation, composition, grammar, and so-called conversation.

I say "so-called" as in the classes which number from thirty to fifty pupils about 10 per cent. only could make any attempt at fluent talk. I found contrarily that practically every boy could read aloud passably and the majority write a compre-

KEIO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS: The two young men on the right are wearing the modern school uniform, while their colleague continues to affect the traditional kimono

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE: University students practising judo

KEIO UNIVERSITY LIBRARY is noted for its vast collection of English and other foreign books

THE STUDENTS' NOTICE BOARD at the main entrance gates of Keio University

hensible essay, in fact I was astonished to see the way in which a great number of the end of term examination papers were answered. Some of the compositions were first-class, and if occasionally a wrong word was selected from the dictionary, think of an English boy of sixteen trying to be grammatical in ideographs and kana. "Having being diseased during the term I cannot answer this question," sounds funny to us, but I should be proud if I knew the Japanese for being ill in any form and vain if I could spell it. "Eve stepped out of her delicious bowel," might sound obscure if one did not know that there was no "R" in the Japanese language and that "L" was the nearest approach to this letter.

But remark this student's knowledge of colloquialisms when he writes to explain why a class was absent from a lecture: "We were all absent except four men when you came to our room. I suppose you were very angly. You might say, why the devil did they escape . . ." and the document ends with, "please excuse this rather scrappy letter." And again note this young man of seventeen paraphrasing Leigh Hunt's essay on getting up in the morning: "Look at Michelangelo, look at Chaucer, look at Haroun al Raschid who were bearded. They did not wave Gillette with quivering fingers when it was cold!" Would that I could understand Japanese as well as that, and at the same time have a knowledge of French, German, and Chinese; for knowledge these boys have and yet fail completely when it comes to carrying on the simplest conversation. I shall discuss this complex later, but I believe one of the main factors which stops any attempt to talk is timidity and self-consciousness, a fear of being made to feel ridiculous, which a Japanese hates more than anything.

Members of the University proper, as well as those of the middle and preparatory schools, must dress in black uniform, like that worn in a French lycée, with the object, I believe, of making everyone look socially equal while at work. A few students appear in kimono and some substitute felt hats for the peaked cap, but generally speaking the uniform is *de rigueur*. In spite of this democracy in dress, however, all the boys have to be addressed with San (Mr.) after their names, and one day when I called a class-roll in a hurry and omitted the title a respectful protest was made.

The British habit of living in boarding houses on the school premises or in colleges is practically non-existent; in fact, outside the classroom and except occasionally at some great field sport event, the University does not seem to count in the lives of the students as do our schools and colleges at home.

The Japanese masters and professors I found inclined to be friendly and in a general way much less reserved in the company of foreigners than is usual in Japan. Quite a proportion of my colleagues had been at Oxford or Cambridge or some American University and dressed accordingly; others were officially Japanese of the stiff collar and sombre suiting species, while a few wore kimono; but flannel trousered or otherwise there was a definite spirit of helpful *camaraderie* in the common-room which made me feel at home as soon as I crossed the threshold. What is quite unlike anything at school or university in England is the midday meal. In English academic life eating is a ceremony.

At Keio lunch is gobbled in a kind of cellar, where a big box of rice forms the centre-piece of the deal table, into which the professors dig with a wooden spade and, having transferred what they require into bowls, whisk it into their mouths with chopsticks. Pale green tea is the staple drink at lunch, as also in the common-room where teapots and cups are placed on the tables at each of the intervals between classes. These, however, are only sidelights on university life in Japan and of no importance except as contrasts.

What strikes an outsider most in the higher education of the Japanese is its conservatism. Japan has become outwardly aggressively Western, but the teaching of her children is old-fashioned in that it follows minutely prescribed forms, the pupils being made to reason in mass and according to rule instead of individually and according to personal opinion. The result of this system can be seen in the fact that 90 per cent. of the population of Japan does all its thinking in identical moulds!

The fundamental cause for this is, I suppose, the early teaching of Japanese children who, having to memorize ideographs during the first six years of their schooling, apply the same methods later on to higher subjects without recourse to common sense. Again and again I have found that after explaining some point and satisfying myself that it was understood, the mere altering of the form of the question would baffle 95 per cent. of the class, because having memorized my remarks there was no mental initiative to tackle the same problem in a different manner. It was because of this way of learning by heart that though all Japanese, who have carried their education beyond the primary school, have had at least five years' study of English, the majority are unable to say or understand the simplest sentence a few years after leaving school.

Another thing which handicaps the Japanese boy in his study of English is that he tries to run before he can walk, or in other words dislikes the drudgery and wants to be reading advanced literature without preliminaries of grammar or spelling!

The man whose place I temporarily filled at Keio handed me over a class which was wading painfully through a book of extracts from eighteenth and nineteenth century essayists, the kind of

(Continued on p. 208)

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII"

Four Characters from the Film of the Moment

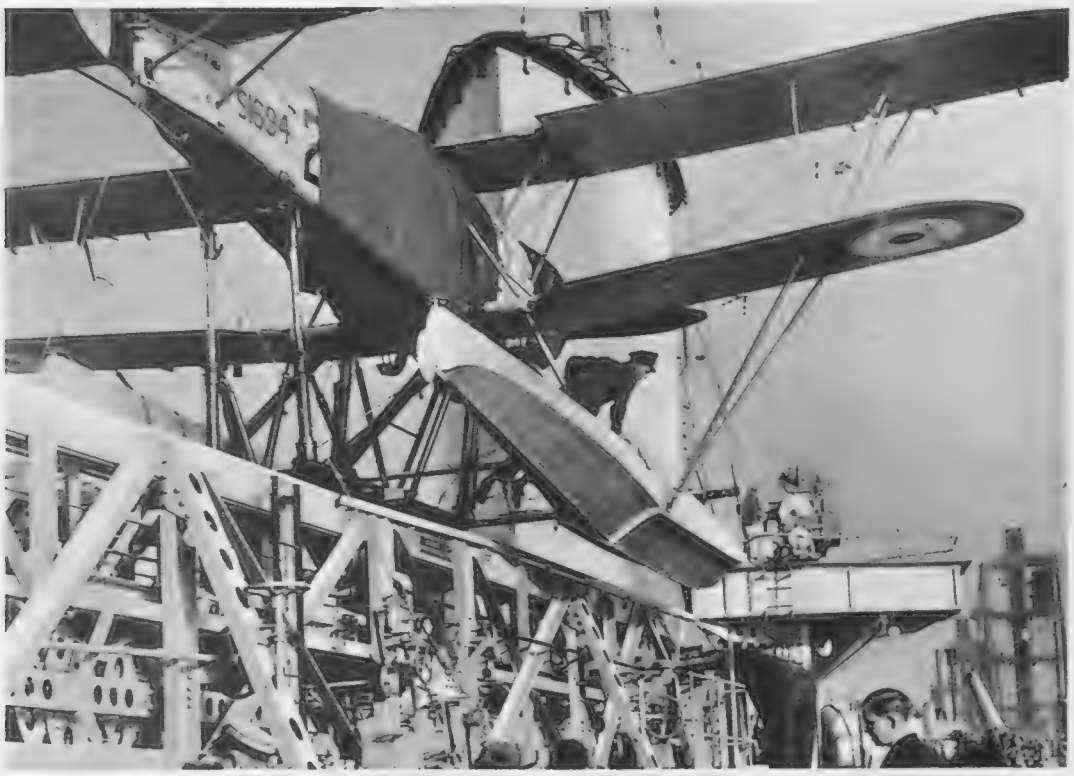
HIS SECOND QUEEN: Anne Boleyn (played by Merle Oberon), who attracted the attention of the amorous Henry while acting as a maid of honour to Catherine of Aragon. The King, without waiting for his divorce to be legalized, married Anne secretly

AFTER HOLBEIN: Charles Laughton, who gives one of the finest screen performances of his career in the part of Henry VIII. He presents the jovial rather than the serious side of Henry's character

SQUIRE IN WAITING TO THE KING: Talented Robert Donat, who plays the part of Culpeper, lover of Katharine Howard (Binnie Barnes). Worldly ambition was too much for Katharine, who preferred to accept Henry's offer of a crown and at the same time to carry on her intrigue with Culpeper. She, of course, lost her head

THE SCHEMER: Thomas Cromwell (Franklyn Dyall), the unscrupulous successor of the disgraced Wolsey, who, wishing his master to marry again to further his own political ends, devised the union of Henry and unlovely Anne of Cleves. According to the fashion of the times, and in spite of his appeals for mercy, he, too, lost his head

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE FUTURE? The "Perth" flying boat about to enter the water after last month's launching ceremony at Brough, Yorkshire. Mr. Patrick Thompson predicts that seaplanes will be used in the future to direct war-time naval operations



NAVAL AND AERIAL CO-OPERATION: Visitors inspecting H.M.S *Leander*, the navy's newest cruiser, during Hull Civic Week

H.M.S. "HOOD" IN NORTH BERWICK BAY: A striking picture taken during the vessel's recent visit to Scottish waters

STRENGTHENING BRITAIN'S WINGS

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

In the near future the question of Britain's air fleet comes up before Parliament. Conflicting views prevail as to the necessity for immediately and largely increasing the numerical strength of Britain's air forces. A variety of ideas also appears to exist in the public mind regarding the whole nature of air machines in relation to war—on land, in the air, and at sea.

Britain is numerically weak in the air compared with the other Great Powers. She has 1,434 military aeroplanes against Italy's 1,507, Japan's 1,939, America's 2,826, and France's 3,000. The size of Russia's air fleet is problematical; it may amount to 2,000 machines. But a comparison of numerical strengths does not go to the root of the matter. It is an over-simplification of a complex problem to measure one air fleet against another and say: "Britain must be as strong as the strongest." Factors of geography, of strategy, and of policy intrude. There was a time when Britain openly launched a building programme in reply to the menacing moves of M. Poincaré, who, at loggerheads with Britain on issues of European policy, made air force gestures in order to exert diplomatic pressure upon a Britain uneasily conscious of being separated from France by a time distance of only twenty minutes (in a Schneider type plane, only five minutes).

But everything has changed. France is no longer a potential enemy. There is consequently no sound argument for a British air fleet of 3,000 aeroplanes, simply because France possesses that number (probably one-third are inefficient). Britain is not going to quarrel either with France, or with Italy; nor are those States going to quarrel with Britain. Britain may reprove Japan but she is not going to war over Manchuria or even over Mongolia; and every action of the Japanese, even down to their anxiety to reach agreement in the trade sphere, reveals that their Imperial push has limited objectives, and that they have not the slightest intention of challenging British power in the Pacific or in the Asiatic zone. As for America, an Anglo-American war is among the unthinkable things (at least, in our generation); and even if the lunatic dream of that war came true, one can scarcely see the giant airplane-carriers of the two Powers steaming in opposite directions across the Atlantic, and releasing clouds of bombing machines upon New York and London respectively.

It is probable that what Britain does need at once is a hundred big flying boats added to the naval air side, and the replacement of old machines by the latest products. She needs a much more virile State encouragement of civil aviation, and particularly of private flying. Picked young men in large numbers should be given inducements to qualify as pilots and to keep in reasonable practice. The Territorial air force should have larger money grants and better machines; and the command should be made a much bigger job and a man of the Trenchard calibre put at its head. Larger sums should be allocated to research, particularly in the realm of naval machines and the giant flying boats.

The Italians gained enormous experience by their mass-flight-to-schedule to Chicago and back to their Mediterranean base. A British mass formation flight around the Empire, following the easterly route, would be of more practical use than five squadrons ordered immediately for the home defence force. Stunt flights, and distance and

(Continued on p. 210)

THE TOLL of the SEA

ASHORE AT YARMOUTH: The herring drifter, *Olive*, being pounded by the waves after striking the north pier at Great Yarmouth to which port she was returning with the day's catch. She finally broke in pieces

A DRAMATIC RESCUE ON THE SCOTTISH COAST: The lifeboat brigade standing by with their breeches buoy apparatus after the Norwegian steamer, *Granero*, had run aground on the south side of Crawton Bay, Kincardineshire. Eleven men were brought to safety

A HERRING DRIFTER battling against angry seas as she left Yarmouth Harbour for the fishing grounds. Many nets have been lost during the recent storms on the East Coast

AT THE MERCY OF THE WAVES: Seagulls circling round the old wreck of the Aberdeen trawler, *Ben Screel*, aground on the rocks near Girdleness. A trawler is seen in the distance struggling out to sea in the teeth of a typical October gale

THE HARVEST O

BLAZING THE TRAIL IN THE GOLDEN WEST: The first railway locomotive to operate in Western Canada. It was brought from the United States to Manitoba by barge in 1877, and ran between St. Boniface and Emerson. It now has a place of honour in a Winnipeg park

MECHANIZED HARVESTING: This up-to-date machine gathers and threshes the wheat while travelling at speed. It is hauled by a high-powered caterpillar tractor

HARVEST TIME IN MANITOBA: A high-speed reaping machine at work on the prairie. The caterpillar tractor has done much to diminish the demand for agricultural workers who formerly were needed for handling the horse teams

UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES: Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan have all felt the effects of the world slump in grain prices. These one-time agricultural labourers are now being put to work on road building schemes, and in return receive the necessities of life

WINNIPEG PROVIDES FOR HER UNEMPLOYED: Some of the 3,200 one-time agricultural workers who are given two free meals every day in the old Immigration Hall. The Canadian unemployed do not receive their dole in cash

A SEARCHING TEST: As soon as a trainload of wheat arrives at Winnipeg S inspected to make sure that its quality is up to standard. The instrum plunged into the contents of each wagon and samples are obtain

OF THE PRAIRIES

FROM PRAIRIE TO GRANARY: A Holt combined harvester discharging its load of grain into a waiting motor lorry. Without machines of this type the cost of production would be almost prohibitive

A COMBINED REAPER AND BINDER AT WORK: During the harvest immense acreages have to be dealt with by these machines in a few days

IN THE LABORATORY OF THE WHEAT COMMISSION, WINNIPEG: Testing samples for the quality of their content. The finest grade is known as Manitoba "No. 1 hard"

...ipeg Station, the consignment is carefully ...strument shown in the above picture is ...btained from ten different depths

THE PROOF OF QUALITY: Another picture taken at Winnipeg Station during the making of a wheat test. The instrument is plunged several times into each wagon, thus giving the inspectors a fully representative selection of samples. *(An article on the grain situation will be found on the next page)*

THE HARVEST of the PRAIRIES

Scenes on the Winnipeg Wheat Exchange

GRAIN MEN IN CONFERENCE: The Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, representing the Canadian Government, delivering the opening address at the International Wheat Conference which met in the summer at Regina, Saskatchewan

A CANADIAN WHEAT KING: Mr. James A. Richardson seen in his office at Winnipeg

WINNIPEG EXCHANGE to-day rivals even Chicago as the most important wheat-dealing centre in the world. The clamour during business hours is deafening

MANY OF THE BIG WHEAT DEALERS run their own private exchanges where the public may come and watch the trend of prices

FORTUNES IN THE BALANCE: Speculators watching the market position in a Winnipeg private exchange. Farmers who have not been too hard hit by the slump often try their luck here

LIVELY BUSINESS: A striking action picture taken during business hours on the Winnipeg Exchange

THIRSTY WORK: A speculator refreshes himself at the iced water tank provided for the use of members of the Exchange

KEEPING IN TOUCH: Many of Winnipeg's more important wheat dealers employ large staffs of telephonists who keep them in continual contact with the state of the market, in New York, Chicago, Buenos Aires, and the other wheat exchanges of the world

CANADA

And Her Wheat Problem

The rise of Western Canada, and particularly of the provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, was one of the most phenomenal happenings of the closing years of the last century. The people of Ontario and Quebec, who knew how to live in stern conditions and who were not afraid to face the dangers of the unknown, created cities and townships in the desolate prairies, and laid the foundations of an agricultural prosperity which has placed Canada among the foremost wheat-countries of the world. The city of Winnipeg, with its wide avenues, fine public buildings, and beautiful homes, to-day stands as a memorial to the men who made the West.

In common with the rest of the world, the three prairie provinces have of late learnt something of the meaning of depression. There are few, however, who would claim that this set-back to development is other than temporary.

Until 1928 the farmer continued to receive a fair price for his wheat, and high salaries and general employment were the order of the day. To the outside observer it seemed then that not even an international crisis could check the demand for wheat—the world's staple product. 1930, however, brought a serious fall in prices. Men who had set farms going on borrowed capital, and who were paying for their machinery and equipment out of earnings, found that they could not even gain a livelihood, let alone meet their interest dues. Superfluous wheat lay idle in the granaries, and the harder man laboured the lower plunged the price of his product.

This year, to the relief of Canada and the other wheat-producing countries, the world harvest was estimated as being likely to reach the lowest level for many years. According to Mr. George Broomhall, an expert on the subject, the yield was not expected to be more than 552,000,000 bushels, as compared with 664,000,000 in the season 1932–33, and 928,000,000 in 1928–29. Canada's estimates actually fell by over a quarter, and the farmers to-day can at least look forward to a lessening of that surplus which is crippling their enterprise and causing a glut in the markets of the world. There are some who aver, however, that such a state of affairs can only provide temporary relief. A lessening of production as a means of maintaining price levels, whether it be the result of adverse weather conditions or of artificial limitation, is not necessarily the way back to prosperity. From the point of view of employment this argument is certainly correct.

Meanwhile the London Wheat Agreement places the following limitation on exports from the chief producing countries:

Canada limited to 200,000,000 bushels.
U.S.A. limited to 47,000,000 bushels.
Argentina limited to 110,000,000 bushels.
Australia limited to 105,000,000 bushels.

The above figures are particularly interesting when compared with the position in Canada at the end of June 1932 and 1933:

	1931–32 Bushels	1932–33 Bushels
Carry over, July 31	134,078,963	130,948,901
New crop	321,325,000	428,514,000
Total supplies	455,403,963	559,462,901
Domestic requirements	119,000,000	122,300,000
Available supplies	336,403,963	437,162,901
Exports August to June	185,400,625	245,713,353
Balance for export and carry over	151,003,338	191,449,548

CATS of CHARACTER

And a Canine Sitter for a Famous Artist

A CAT MAY LOOK AT—HERSELF

A blue-eyed white Persian reflects upon her beauty

"SILVER PENNY"

A cat of unknown pedigree, but the winner of seventy-seven prizes in the past five years

AN ARTIST POSES

Mr. Cecil Aldin, the famous animal artist, and "Bundle," one of his canine sitters

"BUNDLE" WANTS TO KNOW

Another study of Miss Louise Brown's Sealyham pet taken while sitting for Mr. Cecil Aldin. Miss Brown is now starring in "After Dark"

THE MYSTERIES of MODERN BEAUTY CULTURE

Apparatus that Assist the Remedies of Nature

A CURE FOR FACIAL BLEMISHES: The Siemens-Reinger apparatus which can treat successfully, by means of X-rays, anything from a tiny wart to a widespread skin disease

REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR: A modern method of treatment prepared by Elise Bock of Paris and Berlin. A warm mixture of paraffin and shellac is placed on the face and, when peeled off a few minutes later, brings with it all the hair that requires removing

THOUGH THE MODERN BEAUTY PARLOUR can and does give painless treatment, most of the apparatus has the fearsome look of the operating theatre. This is a close-up view of the Siemens-Reinger X-ray

A PERMANENT IMPROVEMENT: This client of a Berlin beauty parlour is having a growth of moustache removed from her upper lip by electrolysis. The operation is not so painful as it looks

A WRINKLE ERADICATOR: A patent mask, introduced by the firm of Elise Bock, over which an electrical current is passed in order to submit the face to a thorough massage

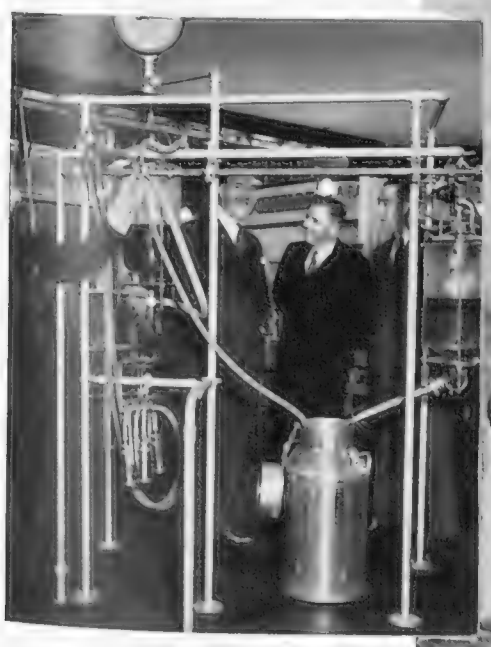
BOVINE BEAUTY

And Other Dairy Show Pictures

MODERN EGG MARKETING METHODS: An intricate machine which counts, grades, and stamps up to 6,000 eggs per hour

A FRIESIAN CHAMPION: Lavenham Wallen 18th, winner of the British Dairy Farmers' Association Supreme Individual Challenge Trophy at the Dairy Show, Islington. She belongs to Strutt and Parker's (Farms), Ltd., of Hatfield Peverel, near Chelmsford

THE BUTTER-MAKING CHAMPION: Miss S. M. Stephens of Barton, Lostwithiel, who won the Desborough Challenge Cup. There was a record entry of twenty-two competitors



AN ULTRA-MODERN COMBINED MILKER, known as the "From cow to bottle" machine, which also weighs, records, and measures automatically. The milk is never touched by human hands from the time it leaves the cow until it is delivered at the customer's door

Special "Sphere" picture by William Davis

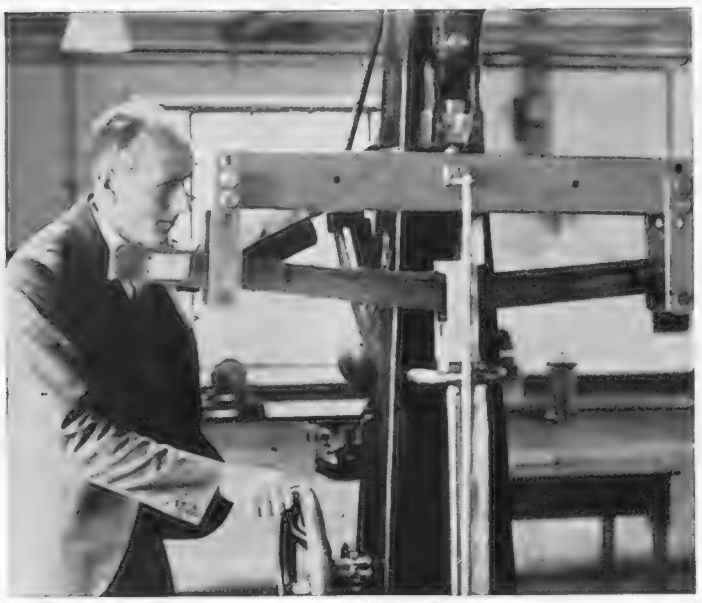
ALMOST A TEN-GALLON-A-DAY COW: Another picture of Lavenham Wallen 18th, the champion six-year-old Friesian which beat all-comers with daily milk yields of 99·3 and 98·3 lb. The Friesians scored several other notable successes at this year's show

THE LABORATORY OF PHYSICAL RESEARCH: Work
Dollis Hill station which were opened by the Prime
Captain

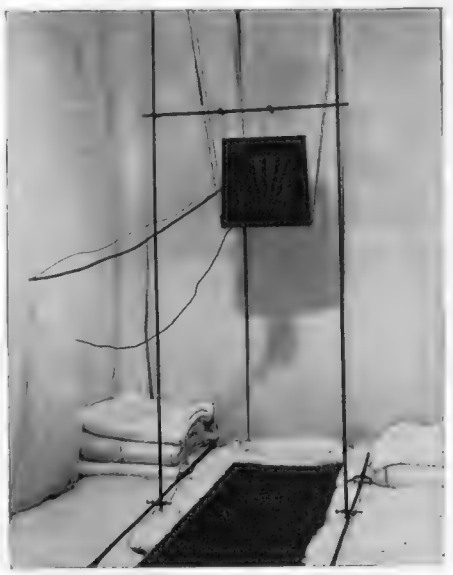
A SUPER-TELEPHONE RECEIVER which is used at Dollis Hill for experimental purposes, and which provides the standard, or ideal for all receiving apparati

THE MECHANICAL FAULT-FINDER: This apparatus will trace the spot where a flaw has occurred in a submarine cable

RECORDING THE CALLS: This con
volume of work



TELEGRAPH POLE STRESSES: Testing a wooden pole arm and estimating its breaking point by means of an ingenious machine which gradually bends it, and ascertains whether the materials from which it is constructed are capable of carrying the taut overhead wires



ECHO-PROOF: The loudspeaker suspended in the centre of the iron framework is used for testing microphones. The walls of the room are draped with an echo-deadening material in order to prevent interference from rebounding sound waves

The new premises of the Post Office Research Station at Dollis Hill, which were opened last week by the Prime Minister, bear ample testimony to the interest that is being taken in this country in the development of international telephonic and telegraphic services. Here, electrical engineers are now able to carry on their laboratory work in a building specially designed to meet their needs, and there is no doubt that during the coming years Dollis Hill will play an even more important part in improving existing systems of communication and in benefiting electrical science generally.

The station was originally established before the War, and can count among its many notable achievements the knowledge of up-to-date methods it has imparted to students sent to London by the various Dominion and

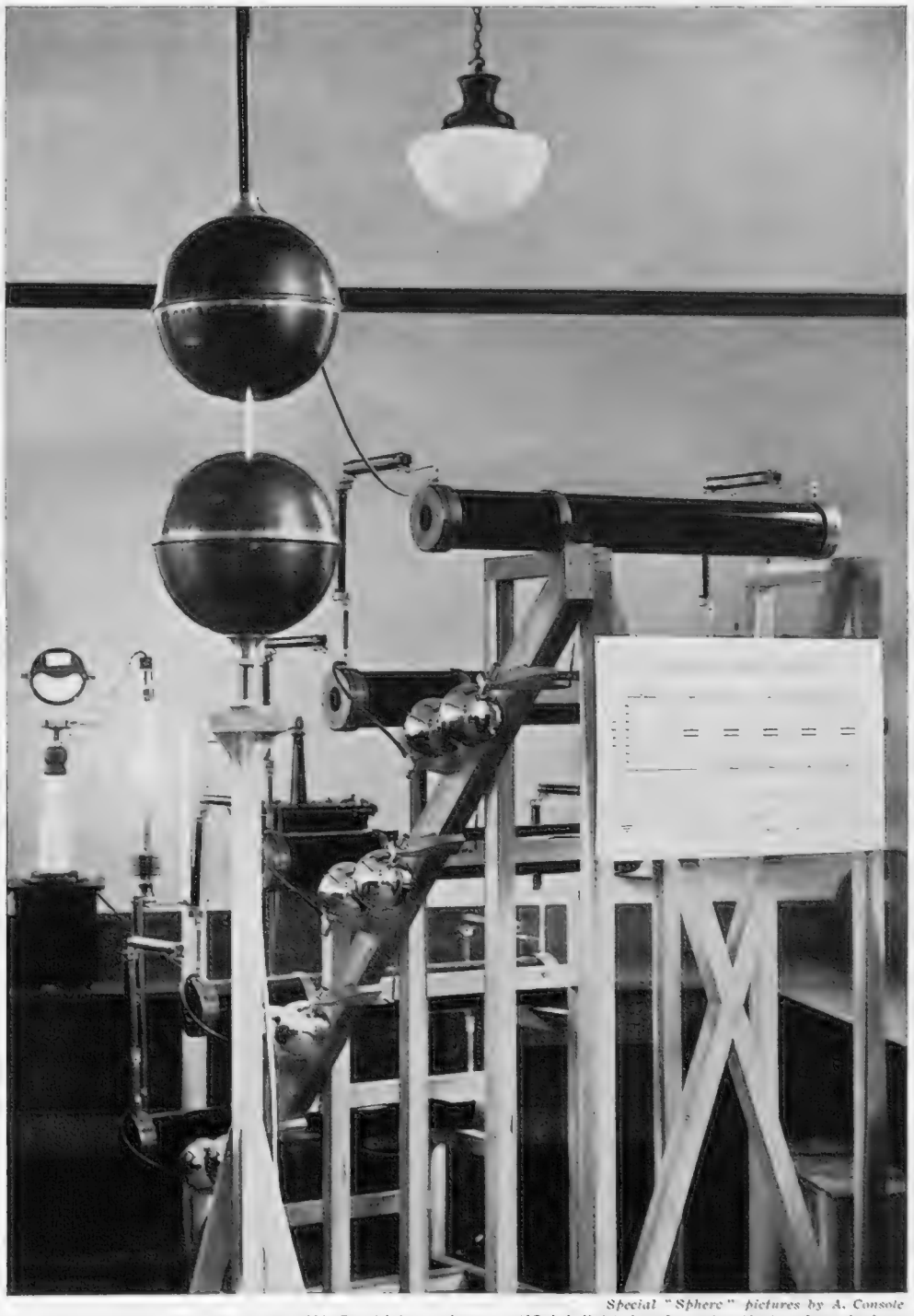
WONDERS of the NEW POST OFFICE RESEARCH STATION

Some Modern Telephone and Telegraphic Testing Devices now in use at Dollis Hill

in progress in an important department at the extended premises of the Minister on Monday of last week. The station is under the control of B. S. Cohen

plicated instrument provides accurate data regarding the done by any automatic exchange

AN ARTIFICIAL EAR: This instrument is employed for testing the tone-quality and power of telephone receivers



Special "Sphere" pictures by A. Console

A 250,000 VOLT IMPULSE GENERATOR which produces artificial lightning in order that safety devices can be adequately tested. It is the only model of its kind in England, and this picture of it while working was taken under extreme difficulties as, owing to its tremendous voltage, no one is permitted to approach

Colonial telephone administrations. Many of these young men have returned home to play a vital part in the development of communications in their own countries. Perhaps the most remarkable success standing to the credit of this research station has been the application of the zero loss system. Before the present refinement of trunk telephone lines there was a loss of upper and lower sound frequencies which did much to prevent the voice being heard in its natural values.

This system now reproduces faithfully all the frequencies with the result that a caller can to-day rely on being easily intelligible with the minimum of difficulty when making use of the long-distance services.

In the accompanying series of pictures readers will be able to gain some idea of the tremendous scope of the pioneer work being undertaken at Dollis Hill, where so much is being done, and in such a short time, to assist in bringing the world into more rapid communication.

COLE PORTER: The young composer who was responsible for the entire score of the latest Cochran success, *Nymph Errant*. He has since been engaged on the lyrics for *Gay Divorce*, in which Fred Astaire and Claire Luce play the lead

AUTHOR AND AUTHORITY: H. C. Voller, whose successful play, *Sunshine House*, has had an excellent reception at the Little. The author, who was at one time a male nurse, presents a vivid picture of life in a mental institution

A MELODRAMATIC REVIVAL AT THE SAVOY: Sir John Martin-Harvey as Mathias in *The Bells*. This is Sir John's first West End appearance in the part made famous by Sir Henry Irving

"THE TUDOR WENCH": Elizabeth (Beatrix Lehmann) resists the overtures of Sir Thomas Seymour (John Laurie) in a scene from Elswyth Thane's play at the Embassy

PLAYS

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Time was when the Tudor period was marked in the entertainment world by little else beyond Mr. Harry Champion's ditty, "I'm 'Enery the Eighth, I am" and "Ye Olde Tudor Tea Roomes," which we have always with us.

Mark the change. King Henry is himself the stage and film vogue of the moment. Plays not only about Shakespeare, but even by Shakespeare, are being produced. And Queen Elizabeth naturally has her place in the sun, and a very prominent place too.

If *The Tudor Wench*, the new play at the Embassy Theatre, has not been caused by the present Tudor boom—it is founded on a book written some little time ago—it has at any rate become no inconsiderable part of it. I do not like the play's title. Whatever Elizabeth was, she was not at any time of her life a "wench." It may be argued that "wench" merely means "girl," and that it has to become "serving-wench" before any base meaning attaches to it. None the less, the base implication is there, and I cannot see anyone calling even the young Princess Elizabeth anything of the sort, except, possibly, her royally bluff father—and the odds are, I think, that he did not.

The greater part of the play is an attempt to sentimentalize the future queen, to show her as a very human girl and, in fact, as a love-sick one Well, why not? There is little sentimentality in the love affairs of the adult Elizabeth, important part though they played in her strange life. But there is no reason why we cannot believe her to have been a love-sick girl—unless, of course, we are among those who hold to the bizarre theory (not, I believe, without some foundation) that Elizabeth was of the male sex. That would, if true, land Miss Elswyth Thane's little romance into awkward depths.

The romance in question concerns the princess's love for a handsome young page, who spends one night with her and thus neatly puts posterity in the wrong for having dubbed the queen with the adjective with which she has for centuries been indissolubly associated. It must not be forgotten that this is only a romance, and a rather thin one at that.

The last part—a scene between Elizabeth and the villainous Seymour, who has had her lover murdered—is stronger and better. It is here that the play really comes to life. Yet not for a moment is there a really Tudor flavour about it. It does not smell of the period and is never more than a costume piece of no particular merit beyond a certain entertainment value.

Miss Beatrix Lehmann, though not suggesting that Elizabeth is here intended to be little more than a child, gave a strong and dignified performance, with plenty of hidden fire; Mr. John Laurie made Seymour an interesting specimen of the scheming rascal, and Mr. Derrick de Marnay as the handsome page was certainly handsome.

"Maternité."—Bridging with easy grace the gulf that separates Queen Elizabeth from maternity, we come to Daly's Theatre and the sociological-medical play according to the gospel of Eugène Brieux. It is fortunate that Brieux never forgot that it was his job to be a dramatist first and a propagandist afterwards. If propaganda was uppermost in his mind, it could not disguise his skill in writing plays as such. That is why he at one time held such an important position. I use the past tense because the substance of his plays is, for the most part, so out-of-date that his anxiety to prove what is now generally accepted seems rather *vieux jeu*.

The only thing I could find really striking about *Maternité* was the fact that it had been produced among the ghosts of Daly's chorus girls. Even the film-world which invariably takes up, with the triumphal air of having made a brilliant and novel discovery, what the theatre-world discarded years before, has "gone Brieux"—or something very like him. That this play should ever have had to be performed in private and should have been regarded as dealing with an unmentionably dreadful subject is a proof that we have opened a good many windows and let in much fresh air in the last decade or so.

Since Brieux is generally admitted to be a man who cannot write a dull play, we can go over some familiar sociological ground with advantage, particularly since there is evidence of Mr. Seymour Hicks' supreme instinct for what is right as a producer, to help us along.

The story, as many may remember, is of an unfortunate woman, Lucie Brignac, who has borne two children, one blind and the other epileptic, to a degenerate and drunken husband. He forces his loathsome attentions on her again, with the result that another child is soon on the way. Lucie, knowing its inevitable fate, takes the usual, if illegal steps, and is tried for abortion. The trial scene not only affords plenty of opportunity for an interchange of views on birth control and other obstetric topics, but is in itself a good, exciting piece of sheer "theatre." That is by far the most valuable aspect of it.

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt was ideally cast as Lucie; she can show the right brand of infinite female suffering which has not, however, crushed the spirit. Mr. Malcolm Keen was sufficiently despicable as

"MATERNITÉ": A dramatic moment in the last act of Eugène Brieux's once-banned play which recently began its run at Daly's. Cathleen Nesbitt and Raymond Lovell give a brilliant and sincere performance in the trial scene

AND FILMS

"The Tudor Wench" at the Embassy—Queen Elizabeth as a Love-sick Girl: A Sociological-Medical Play at Daly's

By PHILIP PAGE

the husband without preventing some shred of sympathy being felt for him.

"Chorearlium."—It is on record, I believe, that Dr. Johnson, on being shown a dog sitting up on its hind legs and being asked whether the feat was not a difficult one, replied "Sir, would to God it were impossible!" The same observation might well apply to the last and most ambitious of M. de Basil's productions at the Alhambra—the ballet *Choreartium*, in which Brahms is, as it were, made to stand up on his hind legs and beg. It is not a dignified spectacle and not always a beautiful one.

Brahms's Fourth Symphony is his masterpiece and an outstanding example of "pure" music. It is not sacrosanct on that or on any other account. I am not suggesting that it is blasphemous to dance to Brahms or to any other composer. Dancing in itself is not frivolous (though it can become so at times, thank goodness) and throughout the ages has formed part of religious ritual. There have been dances "sacred and profane" other than those written by Debussy. But during the two performances I saw of *Choreartium* I found most of the profanity among the Brahms lovers in the audience.

This was not due to any lack of skill in the choreography of M. Massine, who knows hisj ob better than any man living, nor to bad performances by the dancers, all of whom did marvellous things. It was due to a general feeling of incongruity and to certain particular details which emphasized the conviction that the whole effort, though ingenious, was wasted.

In the first place—and when dealing with Brahms this must occupy the first place—the playing of the Symphony by the orchestra was moderate to poor. The Alhambra orchestra is a good one; but, weary after a long season, they did not appear to be quite up to Brahms, nor is M. Kurtz an ideal Brahms conductor by any means. The opening movement was accompanied by some well-timed groupings and pirouettings which, though pleasant enough to watch, were miles away from the spirit of the music. The slow movement is a tranquil, restful thing; it is not a dirge. It was interpreted by a line of mourning females in the last stage of dolefulness. When towards the close, the most soothing and comforting theme Brahms ever wrote is introduced, a girl in a red dress appeared and gave a realistic impression of acute ptomaine poisoning; her writhings were in every sense of the word a distortion.

Chorcartium may retain its place in the repertoire. For the sake of all concerned I hope it does. But I cannot regard it as other than a vastly clever misfire. For the dancing, particularly of Mlle Danilova and Mlle Riabouchuiska, there can be nothing but praise. Praise and gratitude, too, should go to this fine troupe of artists who, coming originally for three weeks, have stayed for five months to give London an entertainment of consistent beauty and interest. They have indeed scored a triumph. I regret that they are now in their last week.

"The Private Life of Henry VIII."—Popular clamour and expert opinion are at one in the matter of *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. This is a superb film—a super-film in the best sense of the word. History has been twisted only a little bit. We are spared any sign of bad taste. The general efficiency and attention to detail are always in evidence. Most important of all, the whole thing lives.

Mr. Charles Laughton's King Henry is occasionally Neronic; fine actor though he is, he finds it difficult to avoid the softly-sensual and the King was surely the hard sensualist, iron-like in his virility and determination. In the Katherine Howard episode, however, where he has to unbend, he unbent most touchingly; here we were on sure ground. Those who have said that Mr. Laughton's make-up in the later scenes is too elderly I advise to inspect the portrait which is the frontispiece of Mr. Frederick Chamberlain's book on the King's ailments.

If Anne of Cleves was made attractive to suit Miss Elsa Lanchester we need not cavil, for it was a refreshing performance. (A page of pictures from this film will be found elsewhere in this issue.)

"COMMAND PERFORMANCE" AT THE SAVILLE: Peter Mali (Dennis King), an actor at the Municipal Theatre at Baroc, is arrested during a performance for hitting Prince Alexis

QUEEN ELINOR OF BAROC (Helen Haye) and her ministers attempt to persuade Prince Alexis (Martin Walker) to marry the beautiful Princess of Vassau (Jeanne Aubert). He refuses

PETER MALI, the arrested actor, is brought before the Queen and the Chancellor of Baroc (J. H. Roberts) who, noticing his likeness to the Prince, orders him to woo the Princess of Vassau. He finally agrees to accept the adventurous task

HIS BRIDE-TO-BE: Tisch (William Kendall), Private Secretary to the Chancellor, and Peter Mali, impersonating his Royal double, are introduced to the beautiful Princess of Vassau (Jeanne Aubert) who is duly chaperoned by the King and Queen (Lawrence Grossmith and Kate Cutler)

, HIS APPOINTED BUT AGREEABLE TASK: Peter Mali attempts at first to hold back from the Princess, but at last succumbs to her charm and beauty

THE PSEUDO-PRINCE has now fallen deeply in love with the Princess of Vassau, but Lydia (a soubrette at the Municipal Theatre) recognizes that the Royal lover is none other than her former colleague

A RURITANIAN ROMANCE AT THE SAVILLE

On left—HAVING CARRIED OUT THE QUEEN'S COMMANDS, Peter Mali retires from the scene and leaves the Princess to be introduced to his double, the Prince of Baroc. She naturally notices a distinct change in his demeanour. *On right*—A RURITANIAN FINALE: Just before her wedding the Princess discovers that Alexis is not the man she loves. She does not know, however, that he has fled the country and that Peter Mali, to save the situation, has been made heir apparent

"WASTE NOT—WANT NOT"

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.

"ANALYSIS, MEASUREMENT, CONTROL": Industrial success is impossible without the scientific maintenance of high standards of quality. Analysis of works organization and production methods achieves results no less important in the detection of hidden losses

We are living in an age when, as never before, the need presses on us to produce cheaply. Not so much in order that the individual employer or the shareholders in a business may enrich themselves as may have been the case in days long past. It is a matter of self-preservation. We may take an active interest in international affairs, and we may require to do so, but it would be well for all of us to pause and consider what practical steps could be taken within our own country and within our own factories which, having been taken, would leave us satisfied that at any rate what could be immediately done has been done to make both the present and the future more secure equally for employer and employed. For, beyond question, this problem has to be faced sooner or later.

Before investigating more closely the causes of loss and wastage in industry, let us examine for a moment the interrelated present-day problems of employment, the maintenance or the increase of present wages, reduction of manufacturing costs, and a shorter working week. These, it can be said at once, will be discussed from the standpoint of the practical man, an ordinary individual adhering to no elaborate economic theories, but concerned only with plain facts of which he has some real knowledge and experience.

Consider first *employment*, in preference to unemployment; it is a mistake to be hypnotized by the latter word. We find that the totality of employment at June 30, 1933, based on the number of insured persons between the ages of sixteen and sixty-four, both inclusive, was slightly higher than at the corresponding period for the years 1923, 1924, and 1925. At the same time it should be noted that in the past nine years the insured population has increased by approximately 1,600,000 persons. Allowing, then, for what has been described by some economists as "normal" unemployment, we seem to have accounted through these figures, and in a new way, for the present total of unemployed persons.

From the figures submitted there would appear to be an important relationship between total unemployment and total population; whereas, on the other hand, the evidence does not support the too frequently accepted argument that rationalization and mechanization have caused unemployment.

This, it would seem, has still to be proved, and it may well be that the proof will never be forthcoming. At any rate, it is at present somewhat easier to give instances of increases in employment due to the operation of these two factors rather than to give examples to the contrary.

At first sight the impression might be received that a reduction in manufacturing costs on the one hand and an increase in weekly wages on the other could not be reconciled, and all but the progressive and enlightened industrialist would incline to this view. What then is the fallacy, if any, underlying acceptance of the thought? Surely it must be that existing manufacturing costs, in relation to any given equipment, are assumed to be correct within certain practical limits, whereas every trained and skilled investigator, unconnected with any particular organization, knows that almost without exception manufacturing costs are 15 per cent. to 25 per cent. higher than they should be.

That state of affairs exists for two reasons mainly. One is that scientific principles of measurement and control have been employed to only a limited extent in this country. The other is that in no ordinary industrial organization is the management able to devote the required time and study to these problems—assuming always that the management has the necessary specialized knowledge to ensure that the problems can be successfully solved.

Seldom is this the case, however, and an already overburdened and overworked management would probably, in many cases, welcome the advent of those properly equipped to provide what is at present lacking, because the average works manager and his staff can hardly be expected to have either the time or the equipment available for the carrying out of the exhaustive analysis which must precede the remedial steps.

The conclusion which is clearly indicated by investigations conducted in certain works is that the association of higher wages and reductions in cost is not only practical but is an accomplished fact in a number of manufacturing units where modern methods of control have been introduced. Reduction in wastage of various kinds has made this state of affairs attainable.

Lately I have been able to see in several plants throughout the country the almost revolutionary changes brought about by certain consultants. My present purpose, however, is concerned not so much with what may already have been done as with the awakening of other industrialists to the true facts of the situation. It is for them to consider what steps might be taken to put their houses in order.

Mander Brothers, Ltd.

SHORTER WEEK WITHOUT LOWER WAGES: Widespread interest has been aroused by this Wolverhampton paint and varnish works' introduction of the 40-hour week while paying 47-hour wages. The management affirms that "if the same output, by better control and harder work, can be produced in shorter time, so much the better for all concerned"

Collars, Ltd.

A TRIUMPH OF ORGANIZATION: To-day road transport is one of industry's most important specialized services. Above is seen a delivery fleet which has been brought to a high state of effectiveness through modern methods of control

The New Profession

There is a call to-day for analytical minds. The industrial consultant is the "water-diviner" of industry; his observations establish the existence of hidden sources of loss. An interesting example of this comes from a woollen textile works in which scientific methods of control are saving over £10,000 a year through reducing raw material wastages

Before looking into the 40-hour week possibility a little further, however, it would be desirable to consider an essential difference that exists between industry in the United States and in England. It may be that President Roosevelt is prepared to sacrifice a considerable portion of his country's export trade whilst setting American industry on its feet again, and it may be that America can function satisfactorily as a self-sufficient economic unit. Under such conditions the Industrial Dictatorship established in the States, and now regulating wages and hours, may succeed.

Applying the X-ray of Scientific Observation to the Roots of Industrial Loss

In Britain, however, conditions are very different, being as we are of necessity essentially an exporting country. That fact makes generalization on the subject of a shorter working week impossible. The shorter week, whatever the number of hours to be worked in each industry and unit may be, must in the end be considered in relation to the standard of effectiveness reached and maintained in the individual unit. Also the question of restrictions imposed by equipment and processes must not be overlooked.

Not so long ago it was interesting to note the daily Press quoting Sir Herbert Austin, the motor car manufacturer, when he addressed a conference of works' directors and managers at Oxford. Sir Herbert was reported as saying that "there is little doubt that in existing international conditions the results of a shorter working week would leave industry in this country in a decidedly worse state than it is at present.

"How do the advocates of the 40-hour week suppose we are going to retain our vital export markets in view of the rise in production costs, and how are they going to assure even a practical proportion of our own market without raising a very high tariff wall?"

The shorter week in British industry is, nevertheless, possible in the case of a very great number of industrial units manufacturing many diverse products—provided they are first brought to a reasonable and readily attainable standard of effectiveness.

To reach this desirable objective, however, the Utopian ideas sometimes held by employees must be discarded; the complacent attitude adopted by many managements must be replaced by a desire to get away from standards of all kinds founded on tradition or opinion instead of on scientific fact finding; and close and willing co-operation must prevail throughout the whole personnel of an organization.

At the last British Association meeting, Professor Miles Walker made a suggestion in keeping with the times to the effect that what was required in the country was a dictatorship of engineers. Not every manufacturer would agree with this proposal if interpreted too literally, but probably what Professor Walker meant was that minds trained to think about industrial problems in a scientific way should be employed to assist directors and other executives to solve the hundred-and-one problems requiring attention. Needless to say, men engaging in this kind of work should be practical men as well as scientifically trained.

What has been written here indicates very clearly that we can afford higher wages and a shorter working week only when all sources of loss and wastage in industry have been located and eliminated. Contrary to the view held by many, evidence is available showing that enlightened trade unionists recognize this fact and, provided the imposition of hardships on the employees can be avoided, they are likely to co-operate with any employer endeavouring to improve the effectiveness of his organization. This is but natural, because such action tends to make for greater security in the matter of employment as well as for higher earnings.

The word "afford" was used advisedly at the commencement of the preceding paragraph because the reaching of such laudable objectives as the shorter working week and higher wages in the vast majority of industries in this country will, in the end, depend upon whether or not the industry and the manufacturing unit can carry the burden of these. That in turn will more often than not depend on the extent to which hidden losses of various kinds, which need not be tolerated, are allowed to produce excesses in the cost of manufacturing.

These hidden losses do in fact exist to an amazing extent, even in organizations which are reasonably well managed; and British industry already abounds in enlightening examples of how the elimination of such wastage can immediately profit not only capital and labour, but the consumer as well. There are works in which wages have risen by as much as 18 per cent.; there are others in which hours have been drastically cut while wages and outputs have remained at their former levels; there are many in which overheads have been spectacularly reduced, with corresponding benefit to the consumer and increase in the competitive power of the organization concerned. A sociological fact of some significance is that the improved margins for both capital and labour are helping to establish the point of view that works pensions should become a recognized factor in industrial economics. Bigger wages and better profits permit the wider introduction of pension schemes under which the older operatives can be retired on adequate scales; and as this movement grows the younger generation can more quickly be absorbed into industry.

Perhaps we lag behind because labour and its representatives are assumed to be more often than not opposed to the introduction of changes in any form, even when such changes may react to the advantage of labour itself. There may still be unfortunate instances of this tendency; but the logic of facts, and a better understanding of all that these changes will mean to the future of British industry and its millions of workers, are bringing about a change of outlook. Evidence is in fact not lacking to show that leaders with vision are giving constant thought to the attitude their organizations must adopt if they are to keep abreast of the times and perform their true essential function of maintaining the highest possible standard of living for British labour, even in the face of the increasing competition from countries whose standards are definitely lower than our own.

The art of successful living in this Machine Age has not yet been fully developed. Some little time must inevitably elapse before all the adjustments that are necessary can successfully be made. The important point, however, which none can fail to recognize and accept is that we have to live in the midst of all the mechanical wonders and improvements, which are evolved sometimes at a rate which temporarily staggers the imagination. Yet it is but a futile waste of valuable energy itself to offer resistance to all these changes; rather let us bend our will and thoughts to deriving from them as many as possible of the advantages they should yield.

Fox Photos

"AFTER HOURS": Increased leisure well spent. The works' sports ground is one of the most interesting social developments of modern industry. Our picture shows a cheerful crowd at a London works' Sports Club

Fox Photos

INDUSTRY'S OVERSEAS OUTLET: Busy times in the Port of London. The highly competitive world market gives short shrift to the ineffective plant. Many British works applying scientific methods to their production problems report gratifying increases in their overseas business

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.

RELAXATION PLAYS ITS PART: A rest period in a famous Greenford works in which significant results have been produced by scientific management. In this tea-packing department over 1,125,000 packets of tea are turned out each day

"Out of Balance"

Twenty men were assembling a machine as it passed along a travelling band. But the work was not correctly apportioned. A redistribution based on scientific analysis and accurate measurement decreased the production cost by 18 per cent. without increasing the speed of the band. This "out of balance" working is not readily detectable by the ordinary eye until it reaches nearly 50 per cent.

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

A MISTRESS OF THE SOCIAL ART AND AN EXQUISITE OF OTHER DAYS: Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, whose enthralling story is re-told by Mr. Michael Sadleir in *Blessington-D'Orsay*—a new biography published by Messrs. Constable

Mr. Sadleir's Remarkable Biography: Miss Naomi Jacob Tells Her Own Story: T. W. H. Crosland's Roll of Honour Inscribed with the Names of Those who Lent Him Money: Mr. Oliver Baldwin Makes Some Preposterous Statements

The ideal biographer must not only possess an agreeable literary style, a gift for marshalling facts, but he must also have the detective instinct. A reference in a letter, a change of name, an intrusion of another character, all these things must be followed up. They may lead to culs-de-sac, or they may lead to a rich mine whose ore has not been lifted by other workers over the same ground. There have been plenty of books about the Count D'Orsay, the last of the dandies; several books about the Countess of Blessington, whose face Lawrence immortalized, and whose papers are necessary to any writer on Byron or the literary figures of the early nineteenth century, but it has remained for **Mr. Michael Sadleir** in **Blessington-D'Orsay (Constable. 9s.)**, turning aside from the Bulwer Lyttons, to follow the lovely lady of legend, and to make her walk again, vital, tragic, and in some phases almost heroic.

She began well damned by circumstances. Her father was a drunken Irishman who, in the county of Tipperary, exhibited a shabby gentility and sold himself for nothing at all to the Government. He also sold his daughter, at the age of fifteen, to a drunken roisterer whose violence drove her from him into the arms of an admirer in whose house she lived for five tranquil years. Something happened to her there. She blossomed in mind and feature. She became witty, well-read, a mistress of the social art. She emerged from that seclusion as the future wife of the Earl of Blessington. It sounded a sordid deal, but it was not without an element of romance. "In compensation for what he had spent on her during the years she had lived in his house, Jenkins was offered the sum of £10,000. But the earl was taking a risk. The husband, Farmer, was still alive though missing. Happily he killed himself after a drinking bout, and Margaret Farmer forthwith became the Countess of Blessington."

A more sordid or tangled start to a brilliant social conquest could not be imagined. Lord Blessington was a wealthy man. But had he been a multi-millionaire he would have been a pauper had long years been granted to him. He wore himself out travelling across Europe, building, tearing down, planning, buying, and furnishing. He was coolly considered a little mad, but he was amiably mad, with great kindness of nature and a constant simmering of ideas. Their *ménage* was physically cold since Lady Blessington had long finished with marriage in the full sense after her appalling girlhood.

There walked into their splendid town house the greatest dandy of the era, the accomplished and flawlessly handsome young Count D'Orsay. He took London by storm, he took the Blessingtons by storm, but again there was physical nullity in the relationship between this trio. Blessington had the Greek weakness. D'Orsay was a Narcissus concerned only with the reflection of his own face. He was decorative, intelligent, a charming companion.

Scandal attacking the countess, they all set off for the grand tour. One of the sights of that tour was Byron. They expected to discover him fat and were disappointed at finding him thin. He was ill-dressed and proved a rank snob; but Lady Blessington, disillusioned by her idol, grew to appreciate the conceited, quixotic creature who could suddenly turn a facet of greatness. But the Blessington circus, as it was rightly termed—for it moved with a cavalcade of horses, state coaches, kitchen equipment, and a host of servants—could not rest anywhere for long. They descended upon Naples and astonished that lotus-eating community by the splendour of their state. They took the Belvedere Palace, lavished their wealth upon it, and proceeded to create a small court in which the beautiful and intelligent Lady Blessington was the centre of attraction.

There followed an agreeable sojourn. She was an efficient ruler of a household. There were ample servants in the house, a yacht in the bay, and the exquisite Count D'Orsay to fetch and carry. It was at this moment that his lordship had to determine to build a gigantic castle in Ireland. So back he went, to return with a young architect, whose plans proved to have been drawn all in vain, for Blessington had turned to other schemes. There was now a disastrous move. Blessington made a will in which the larger part of his fortune was to be enjoyed by D'Orsay on the condition that he married one of the two daughters by Blessington's former marriage. It is singular that the countess should have agreed to this monstrous arrangement. Mr. Sadleir clears her name of the scandal that was fastened on to her, that she had effected a liaison with D'Orsay, and the marriage was an attempt to guarantee them the enjoyment of Blessington's fortune in the event of his death.

It was a marriage arrangement doomed to tragedy, and when the earl died the outraged relations had found the weapon with which to strike the woman they hated. Famine in Ireland, Blessington's frightful extravagance, and a threat of litigation under the will served to bring the widowed countess and her son-in-law into comparative poverty. The renowned Gore House was sold with its furniture, and the countess retired, broken, to Paris, whither her bankrupt son-in-law had already fled, ruined financially and socially.

Mr. Sadleir has not allowed the spirit of partisanship to draw him from his quarry. He is sorry for the lovely and courageous countess, he likes the ill-balanced earl, he restrains his contempt for the exquisite D'Orsay. He cannot condemn the poor fate-doomed lady. "In childhood half of her nature had been paralysed by a man's brutal lust; the other half, late in the year 1831, was killed by the baseness and ingratitude of a mere trousered exquisite." That neatly sums up the story of her tragic existence. It is an enthralling story, as Mr. Sadleir tells it. He heightens nothing, he dramatizes nothing, but the beauty of Lady Blessington again takes the breath; the pageant of the earl travelling across Europe, the morning glory of young D'Orsay, the sunset of Byron, and the long, stormy season of Landor again stir the pulse and catch the imagination. Here is a masquerade in which the actors symbolize man's puppetry in the hands of heartless fate. As a master of the masquerade Mr. Sadleir has missed no single call, no piece of costume, no line of dialogue. It is a performance of perfect artistry, of full knowledge deftly used to reveal an antic disposition, and to bring us, in comedy, near to tears.

The world that only knows **Miss Naomi Jacob** as a novelist of exceptional ability will find a surprise in her autobiography, **Me (Hutchinson. 18s.)**. There is hardly any evidence that she has written books, there is ample and witty evidence that she was once an actress, and the stage still seems to dominate her interests. She writes now from the lovely retreat of Sermione, on the shores of Lake Garda. An illness that threatened a tragedy proved to be a blessing, for it is obvious that Miss Jacob has the Italianate nature that blossoms in sunshine. Her origin, in Ripon, makes her a Yorkshirewoman, and proud of it, through the opening hundred pages, which produce a stream of folk stories. The first fact about Miss Jacob is that she possesses a robust sense of humour, and allows no highbrow tyranny to suppress it. Great art with a foundation of great indigestion, so fashionable in the solemn-owl school of contemporary literature, finds no champion in her. She flourishes the frying pan, and laughs at her own Socialism.

She worked in a registry office, by way of emancipation, and one day mistook a duchess for a cook wanting a situation. "But she was terribly nice and laughed a good deal, and made fun of her own clothes, and asked me where she could get tea, because she was only up in town for the day and her house was closed. I took her over the road, and being a good Socialist I liked having tea with a duchess and got a lot of satisfaction out of paying for it, which I did, to show her how sorry I was for having thought she was a cook. I am as good a snob as the next Socialist."

Miss Jacob, in pre-War days, once lived in a working man's flat at a rent of 12s. 6d. One of her neighbours was that stormy bird of Fleet Street, T. W. H. Crosland. He told her that he kept a roll of honour, on which were inscribed the names of the people who had lent him money. Miss Jacob's last sight of him was as he lay dying, and writing his last sonnet to pay the funeral expenses. Miss Jacob went on tour and experienced the ups and downs of that life. She tells us few authors read their plays well, and some read them so well that they make the play sound so much better than it really is. Nothing comes amiss to Miss Jacob and her readers will be captured by her bright, happy disposition, her flair for a good story, and the sunshine that she contrives to shed over every page of this long and not long enough book.

There is plenty of evidence that **Mrs. Mary Borden**, whose name commands my deepest respect, has taken the greatest trouble with **Mary of Nazareth (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)**. I have to confess that I feel the work has been wasted. This story of the life of Jesus suffers as all such stories do; where invention comes in one resents it, and no part of the writing can approach for beauty the New Testament versions. The fact is that the life of Christ commands the attention of the world as much for its omissions as for its facts. When these are invented they only lower the mystery and dignity of the central figure. That is the chief fault of this book. It tells us nothing we did not know, and when it invents it lessens the imaginative conception. I do not understand also why Mrs. Borden should have abolished all inverted commas from the conversations, for it serves to call attention to the New Testament form of the Divine history of Jesus of Galilee.

There is a sneer on almost every page of **Mr. Oliver Baldwin's Unborn Son (Grayson. 10s. 6d.)**. He sneers at politicians, he sneers at soldiers, he sneers at doctors, women, schoolmasters, the public schools, the universities, nationalism, the Church, in fact it is difficult to find anything that Mr. Baldwin does approve of. He dogmatizes on things of which he has the most superficial knowledge. He writes to his unborn son on bi-sexuality and sadism, and repeats the clap-trap of amateur pathologists. I showed the economic chapters to two authorities on that difficult subject, and they reported that the author had not even an elementary grasp of his subject, which I suspected. Mr. Baldwin proves himself a master of the half-truth, and a slick twister of phrases and ideas. He pours venom on the bourgeoisie. He makes such preposterous statements as that he saw only one bearded man in Paris who did not possess the Legion of Honour, and he proved to be a Russian. "Roger Casement was called a traitor," he protests. So he was. He took German money to seduce simple soldiers from their allegiance.

One could challenge and prove specious almost every sentence of Mr. Baldwin's book. In the end he plays a trick on his readers. He protests he would not give birth to a son in this world, he has not the courage. Well, Mr. Baldwin owes his existence, and the publicity he derives, to a famous father who had that courage. Mr. Baldwin wants to reform the world. He should begin with himself, for he seems to have got himself into an unpleasant mental state.

Any students of the classics must have remarked the singular silence that is maintained regarding the intimate social life of the ancient Greeks. Their moral system never passed, like their culture, to the modern world. They were sensualists without apology or hypocrisy, and they would be greatly puzzled to-day by the difficulties modern Society imposes upon itself. It is impossible to have any intelligent comprehension of the Greek political State, and the social conscience of the individual, without a frank statement of their customs. This has been admirably set forth, for the first time in the English language, in **Sexual Life in Ancient Greece (Routledge)**. This excellently illustrated work was originally published at 42s., but a popular edition has now been issued at 15s. The work is a translation of the masterly and comprehensive book by **Professor Hans Licht**, and there is no phase of Greek life that is not thoroughly investigated and examined with all the resources of scholarship. While satisfying to the scholar its manner of presentation makes it admirable reading for the general reader, and no intelligent student of sociology can afford to be without this really remarkable work. Every page illuminates Greek thought and literature, and shows along what individual lines the early Greeks had progressed long before the social contract, as we understand it, was formulated in Europe.

On page 210 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

COIFFURES CHANGE with the SILHOUETTE

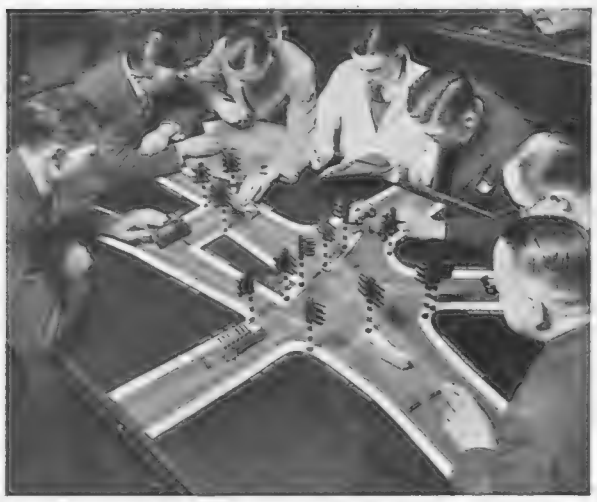
Hair is definitely being worn shorter this season. Curls are by no means entirely banished, but they are tiny, and are massed close to the head rather than on the nape of the neck. The new hats, which are tilted forward over the eyes, leaving the back of the head uncovered, call for a coiffure which negatives any suggestion of bareness, but which will remain neat, even though a high fur collar may be worn. Emile, of 25, Conduit Street, W.1, is an artist in the truest sense of the word and his coiffures are at once intensely individual, incredibly distinguished, and (though this is blessedly unobvious) thoroughly practical. Their new system of point-winding enables them to achieve remarkably natural effects in permanent waving. The coiffure in our photograph demonstrates this very clearly. The hair stands well out from the head, and the loose curls across the back draw attention to the beautiful shape of the hair-line, which is cut to a point on the neck. Little half-curls on the right side of the parting give a soft effect on the brow and reveal the commencement of the growth of the hair. This is a new and appealing note which is likely to become extremely popular on account of its lightness and suggestion of youth. New clothes which reveal a changed silhouette have a disconcerting way of unbalancing a coiffure. Let Emile create a new style specially for you, for it is during the next few months that one's hairdressing is most conspicuous.

A beautifully shaped coiffure created by Emile

When long winter evenings loom ahead, women's thoughts turn instinctively to tea gowns, for no other item in a wardrobe is so kindly and such a lasting joy. The beautiful model seen on the left is of pale coral-coloured Crêpe Flamisol, the sunray pleated skirt forming a short train. Tiny tucks at the neck give a soft effect to the bodice, and the sleeveless lace coatee gleams with interwoven tinsel threads. It can be copied in any shade by Lilla, of 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W., who is also responsible for the two frocks on the right. The first, worn by the seated figure, is of Malmaison pink Ottoman silk of a new type, very soft and uncrushable. It is cut on the bias and is gauged at the waist. This too is made in many colours.

Lastly, there is a very dignified black ring velvet dress, with a cowl neckline and a clip of brilliants on each side. It has a V back, draped bands across the arms, and a panelled skirt. The circular cape, lined for warmth, is edged with soft black fur, and buttons on the left shoulder. A most interesting catalogue will be sent free on request. In addition to a number of illustrations it contains details of Lilla's remodelling service which applies to all types of garments irrespective of whether they were in the first instance made by her.

ANOTHER RECORD FOR BRITAIN: Driving in a downpour of rain Captain G. E. T. Eyston broke the world record for Diesel-engined cars at a speed of 103·2 m.p.h. at Brooklands last week. The car he used is of special design and is fitted with a London bus engine



RELIEVING CONGESTION: Traffic experts testing out at the works of the Siemens and General Electric Railway Signal Company a proposed scheme for the control of traffic at the Elephant and Castle which is recognized as one of the busiest points in London

'WARE SKIDS! The blizzard of rain, hail, and snow which swept the East Coast last week-end left the roads in a highly dangerous condition as this picture of the roads at Scarborough Railway Station testifies

NO TRAFFIC PROBLEM: Hounds make way for the bus on a country road at a recent meet of the Old Berkeley Foxhounds at Chipperfield, near King's Langley

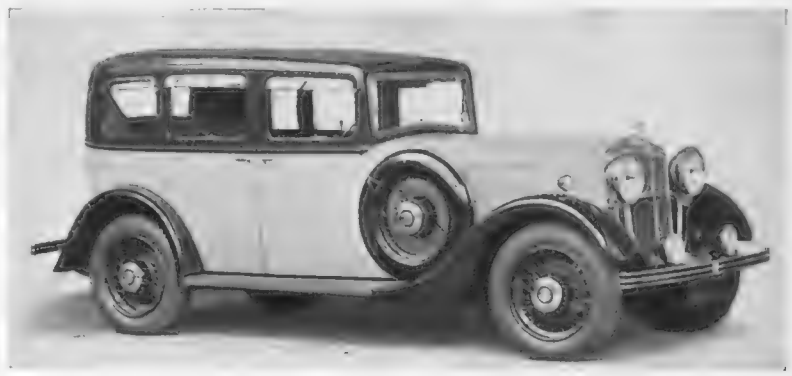
THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

The Question of Speed—Safer Traffic—What of the Mobile Police?—Lord Cottenham's New Book—A.A. and R.A.C. News

At the moment the great topic of motoring discussion is—will the speed limit in its original or amended form be reimposed? If words mean anything, and I will grant that frequently they do not, the Minister of Transport will not saddle us with a speed limit unless the statistics of the cause of accidents, which are at present being compiled, show that such a retrograde move is necessary. Motorists would be very foolish to underestimate the effect which noisy minorities can produce, and these minorities at the moment are screaming for motorists to be once more curbed down to 20 m.p.h. I have a shrewd idea that Major Oliver Stanley, the Minister of Transport, knows just as well as I, and every reader of these notes, that speed in itself is not a danger, and that the trouble only results when speed is abused; but we must not overlook the fact that the howling mob, even if they number only a handful, will shout so loudly that the Minister's hands may be forced, even against his better judgment.

As everyone knows, statistics are quite unconvincing to those who think, and can be made to appear to prove anything that is required. So frequently we read of accidents, and indeed we have personal experience ourselves, where someone steps off the pavement, a motorist swerves to avoid the pedestrian and crashes into a bus, perhaps killing or maiming three or four people. If I am not wrong in my prophecy such an accident in statistics to be produced will be put down as a collision between two motor vehicles caused through a skid. I for one, therefore, will look at the important figures with a very critical eye in order to see that the real cause of an accident is properly earmarked.



THE LARGEST IN THE MORRIS RANGE: The "25" Saloon which combines a very extraordinary road performance with abundant seating capacity. The interior is sumptuously appointed and upholstered in the finest quality skins

Motorists of long standing, and who travel about quite a lot every day, have very little difficulty in suggesting ways and means whereby traffic could be made safer, but I have to confess that the remedies called for could probably be imposed only by a real Mussolini. Let me indicate some of these. The abolition or control on certain principal roads and streets of ridiculously slow-moving traffic. I venture to suggest that thousands of accidents are caused in cities through horse-drawn vehicles and crawling empty taxi-cabs. No one may perhaps collide with these vehicles, but they so exasperate the drivers of faster moving units that foolish overtaking is indulged in and accidents result. In London, at any rate, it is an absolute disgrace to modern civilization that empty taxi-cabs should be allowed to wander frequently in the middle of the road looking for likely fares. Again, no vehicles should be permitted to turn in a busy thoroughfare into the opposing stream of traffic. In country districts, and sometimes in urban areas, the stopping places for buses and trams are still far from being ideal.

At night time, of course, conditions are quite chaotic all over the country. Motor cars are allowed to pull up at the side of the road facing and taking up a position in the opposing stream of traffic. District councils and other road authorities are allowed to plaster the roads in their areas with red lamps which are quite unintelligible until within a few feet of the obstructions which the lamps are supposed to guard. The same authorities erect red lamps and permit petrol stations and others to display red and green lamps quite indiscriminately, so that the motorist is apt to disregard proper signal lights when they are encountered. A Mussolini Minister would undoubtedly organize lights on the highways with the same strictness as is the case on the sea. The position and the colour of a lamp should convey a definite meaning without any ambiguity to the road user.

Then I come to the mobile police, and I unhesitatingly say that at the moment they are not being used to the best advantage. To start with, to appreciate dangerous driving an observer has to be an experienced road user, and I would like to ask how many mobile policemen have been driving for ten years or, alternatively, have even been given instruction by someone with that experience.

Reverting once more to the question of speed, the accident returns for the two years after the speed limit had been abolished do not indicate that the change caused any increase in the number of accidents, at least not until the latest returns were published. I am afraid that much of the trouble is caused through sheer lack of road sense and responsibility, and I fail to see how the imposition of the speed limit or any driving test will eliminate the use of the road by people of this class. Some proportion of accidents are caused by bad methods of teaching, and in this respect I am very pleased to note that the British School of Motoring, whose methods are correct and efficient, are now spreading out their activities into the provinces. Pupils placing themselves in the hands of an organization such as this are bound to be more considerate and skilful in the handling of their cars when they are let loose by themselves than if they were instructed by some obscure garage mechanic, whose knowledge of cars may be considerable but whose experience on the road and general standard of driving is probably quite inadequate. I expect all of us number amongst our friends some atrocious and dangerous drivers. I myself, at the moment, know two or three of my friends who give me cold feet every time I travel in their cars. They drive all over the road and overtake when they have not the faintest idea where they will eventually find room for their car on the right side. They escape accidents ninety-nine times out of a hundred through other road users giving way and so getting them out of their difficulties which are solely of their own making. The fact that they have carried out their manœuvre without accident or fuss confirms them in the opinion that they are quite good and clever drivers, though all the time they are only alive through being helped by others. Such drivers can be dealt with only by the mobile police.

For quite a long time now the Earl of Cottenham has been writing and broadcasting on motoring matters, and as he is an experienced motorist his energies in these directions have met with success, and have been of great assistance to the motoring community. A year or so ago he published his first novel, which went well, and now we have a second novel entitled *Sicilian Circuit*, written by him and published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd. He has been styled the "motorists' novelist," and after reading this new novel I must say the description is apt. As everybody nowadays is a motorist, the description of drivers pushing out clutches with their fingers, and changing wheels with their knees, has become tiresome, so it is refreshing to read a really thrilling motoring story including descriptions of one of the famous 200 mile races at Brooklands, and the well-known Targa Florio race, and all the technical terms used correctly. I feel certain that this new novel of Lord Cottenham's will be extremely popular, and deservedly so.

Constant attention to motor tyres is even more necessary during the autumn and winter months than at any other time of the year. An investigation of the accidents reported by patrols of the Automobile Association during May, June, July, and August last when the weather was ideal reveals that no less than 12·2 per cent. of the total was due to skidding. Undoubtedly dangerous road surfaces were to a very large extent responsible for the high proportion of this type of accident, but worn or incorrectly inflated tyres were in many cases a contributory cause. It is not generally realized that lack of control and steadiness in cases of emergency are often the result of one or more of the tyres being inadequately inflated, and the A.A. emphasizes the importance of ensuring that the tyre pressure is correct in relation to the axle weight. Again, it is desirable to use the spare wheel occasionally, thus equally distributing the wear on their complete set of tyres.

A strong appeal is made by the R.A.C. to all drivers of motor vehicles not to pull up at night facing the wrong way unless the road is so well lighted as to prevent other road users being misled. Every driver will have experienced at some time or another the effect of meeting a car on the wrong side of the road with its lights on. It is a source of confusion and annoyance to other drivers, and in certain conditions, such as mist or bad visibility, a very definite danger.

To dress badly when one might dress well may be arrogance — or mere laziness — laziness by which one is unfavourably judged. Who is so sure of himself that he dare take the risk? • And why take any risk unnecessarily? The New Tailoring makes it so easy to be well dressed. • *An evening tail coat costs seven guineas; a dinner jacket six guineas or four and a half guineas; dress trousers forty-two shillings and sixpence; black dress waistcoat twenty-eight shillings and sixpence; white dress waistcoats ten shillings and sixpence to twenty-one shillings.*

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P.13113 AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

"BRIGHTON BEACH": THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE

"ENNUI": A variant of Sickert's famous picture in the Tate Gallery

THE ART OF SICKERT

Shown in a First Comprehensive Exhibition at Agnew's Galleries

For the first time the art of Walter (Richard) Sickert—his work is known by one or other Christian name—is being shown to London art lovers in a really comprehensive exhibition at Agnew's Galleries, Old Bond Street. The work of Sickert has too often been seen and judged by isolated examples and, by an odd fate, his exhibits at the Royal Academy, of which he is an associate member, have often been of a whimsical character. His portrait of Sir Nigel Playfair as Tony Lumpkin, shown in the 1929 Academy, appeared in odd contrast to the more traditional portraiture of his contemporaries.

Latterly Sickert has taken to creating reconstructions from old prints and photographic studies which, although interesting in themselves, have puzzled the outer confines of the art world. Now in this exhibition in Old Bond Street, we can see at once the great range of Sickert's work. It extends from the earlier period, characterized by the Bradlaugh portrait reproduced on this page, to his vigorous study of Rear-Admiral W. Lumsden.

In the earlier period the work is of a more obvious technique, but latterly the figures are dashed with a fine frenzy on to the canvas and appear as "arrested moments." In genre work, what could be more brilliant than the scene in Brighton open-air theatre, while the exhibition also reveals him as a landscapist of unusual ability. Sickert's love for Venice is obvious, and there are many beautiful canvases reflecting the glories of St. Mark's, the Salute Church, and other less well known by-ways of the island city.

"CHARLES BRADLAUGH": This portrait is reproduced by kind permission of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Manchester

"THE SALUTE CHURCH, VENICE"

on the subject of one's mind being at ease

though the title may intrigue . . . though our treatise may be as far removed from the philosophical as to border on the frivolous . . . our subject is as serious when it concerns fashions as when it touches on the so-called "deeper" things of life.

and now to be more personal . . . **is your mind at ease concerning your winter wardrobe?**

if you've those tiny doubts as to whether this coat and that dress . . . this evening gown and that suit . . . *are* going to be as staunch in your campaign for smartness as you once thought . . . it's surely time that you had expert advice on this tricky subject.

and may we suggest that the oracle to be consulted here is **a very practical artist in dress whose name is madame corot?**

you're simply bound to have heard of her before, but if you've never availed yourself of her vast experience you've never known the complete satisfaction that can only come with an outfit serenely planned to suit the person that's you.

call in and see her at the corot showrooms . . . or if you're in the country or abroad, drop her a line and let *her* shop through the post for you.

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* *The car that almost thinks has*

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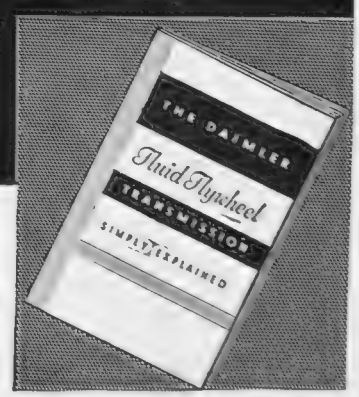

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FOLLIES TO BE WISE

(Continued from p. 185)

only thing I learnt to say in Monte Carlo was 'vingt mille francs.'" She went on to say she would love a title, "only I would be laughed out of town if I came back a lady." Neither she nor Miss Dodd seems to like Frenchmen. Miss Dodd also pointed out that there is much more money being spent here in London than anywhere else. Both of them agreed that, with the exception of two sequences, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, the film at the Tivoli, is all true to life. The theme song is "We're in the Money." All the girls, naturally enough, are intrigued by English titles, though it would make the ears of three admirers burn if they knew they were nicknamed respectively "Freddy the Fish," "Monocle Pete," and "The Passion Flower."

But what do these girls look forward to? Can they see beyond the end of their pretty noses? Well, I asked Virgil Dodd what she thought about life. "I want to be a famous aviatrix," was her reply. "I can already fly an aeroplane. But if I could fall in love I'd love to get married and have children. Honest, I mean it."

Evelyn Crowell, on the other hand, wants to be "somebody." "I'd like to be Ina Claire the Second," she said. "When I go back I am going to take lessons from the woman who taught Ina Claire. I am all out for a career. I can't fall in love, and I am definitely not going to marry again."

Having got thus far in this article the telephone rang and Miss Crowell wanted to know if she could read what I'd written before it went into print. "I'll bet you've got us all wrong," she protested, "or anyway some of us." One day and twenty minutes later she was at my house. "Listen," she said over a glass of wine. "Some of us seem pretty hard, but none of the kids really are. Our being hard-boiled, as you call it, is really self-defence. It is a veneer that we have to have. Being a show girl is a heart-breaking game. A show will close. The show girls cannot stay out of work, so they go into the cabaret of a night-club. All these are owned by racketeers. The racketeers are very nice as a matter of fact. They treat girls with much more respect than the supposedly nice men of the town who go to the joints to meet the girls. That is where we have to be tough. Apart from all that, we found on arrival in London that the reputation had preceded us that we chewed gum and flaunted silver fox furs in everybody's face. So, having a sense of humour, we decided that was the line to take. Actually it is not so at all.

"Where will all of us be in ten years' time? Ninety per cent. of us will have married anybody from a millionaire to an orchestra leader. Five per cent. will have made careers for themselves and will be stars. The remaining 5 per cent. will have stayed on in the chorus till they grow too old. Then they will go to the night-clubs in cabaret. Then they will become night-club hostesses and then you lose track of them."

Well, there you are. In any event Les Girls have achieved what is undoubtedly a modern miracle. They have fanned into existence again the stage-door Johnny in all the glory of his silk hat and possible opera cloak. In these days of namby-pamby-ism, that is something old-fashioned about which they can congratulate themselves.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO BRIDGE

(Continued from p. 183)

beginning of October that they gave any hint as to what they intended to do to the bridge. Now we are told that piers Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 7 are to be under-pinned and Nos. 5 and 6 will be taken down and rebuilt along with arches 5, 6, and 7. The roadway is to be widened by corbelling out so as to allow for four lines of traffic, and this part of the work will be subject to the approval of the Royal Fine Art Commission. Although firms submitting tenders will be allowed a certain freedom of action, and in fact are asked to propose their own technical methods of attacking the problem, the general lines of the scheme for reconditioning are to be according to a report by Messrs. Rendel, Palmer, and Tritton, and the cost is estimated at £685,000.

The bridge will probably be closed about April of next year, and some four years must elapse before it will be reopened, and the Automobile Association are devising schemes for diverting traffic over Blackfriars Bridge, Westminster Bridge, and Lambeth Bridge.

Many notable architects and engineers are of the firm opinion that the L.C.C. are proposing unnecessarily elaborate repairs, thereby causing excessive inconvenience to road and river traffic; moreover, that the work proposed will cost considerably more than the stated sum of £685,000. The L.C.C. has so far refrained from publishing any information to show how this figure is arrived at or how the work is to be carried out. Public and expert criticism has been freely and determinedly expressed throughout the whole contest, and it is not silenced yet.

M. I. Batten

TEACHING ENGLISH AT A JAPANESE UNIVERSITY

(Continued from p. 186)

literature which an English boy of eighteen would find none too easy to absorb. I pointed this out to my friend, but he explained to me that this was a literary class which would feel insulted if it was given a simple text-book by an unknown author!

After thinking the matter over I have come to the conclusion that the Japanese student does not feel that it is essential in a country where there are so few foreigners, many of whom speak Japanese, to learn to *speak* English or French or German, but at the same time he does want to keep abreast of modern thought, and the ability to read English is a bridge to wider knowledge. In the vicinity of any Japanese school or university there is always a bookshop which, during class intervals and after hours, is thronged with students intent on examining volumes by authors of all nationalities. What is more surprising is that those students who buy the books (sometimes as translations, but often in the original tongue of their publication) do not do so merely because they feel they ought to read certain authors deemed at the moment fashionable, but because they are interested to find out what these people have to say.

Keio University possesses a library of which the English volumes alone would put many an educational institution in England to shame. Not only are all the classics and some of the best-known novelists there, but a wide variety of history, literary criticism, sociological, geographic, and scientific works.

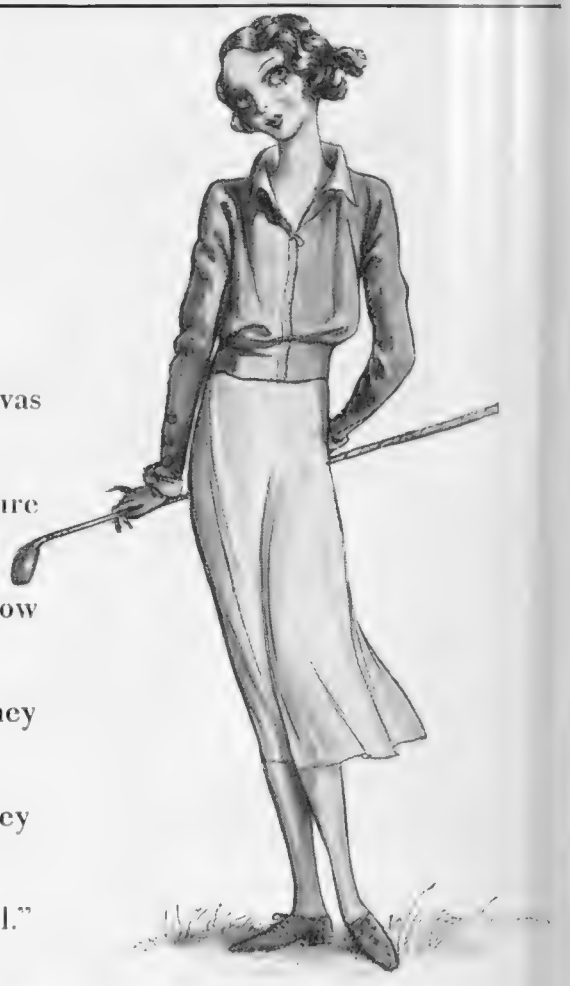
At the same time I feel that the interests of Japan would be furthered if her youth concentrated a little less on higher literature and gave up a little more time to learning the spoken foreign language. Books are valuable up to a certain point but they express opinions of men and women who are not necessarily infallible, and though, of course, the mind can be improved by reading, it is more stimulating to discuss matters of interest with people who hold reasoned opinions on a variety of subjects.

These remarks on Japanese education are, of course, only based on what I have myself seen in the English classes at one university, and I have obviously no right to criticize the system as a whole, but I do feel that what I have already said about teaching in Japan being too tied by rules is true, and that sooner or later an evolution must be made towards something more individual and with greater scope for initiative.

The Japanese boy is determined to learn, and with that power of memorizing intelligently applied could achieve anything, but he cannot expect to excel if so many subjects are ground into his head before he is twenty.

"I am as plain a woman golfer—

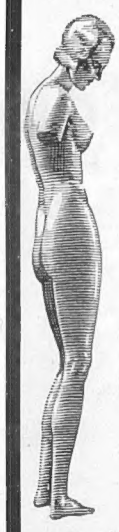
as ever held up a men's foursome. Anyway, it was rude to shout 'Use "BP" Ethyl, and tread on it.' I am sure it is against the rules to tread on your ball, and anyhow my name isn't Ethel. But they explained afterwards they meant that special kind of Ethyl that has British petrol in it; they use no other . . . they would as soon think of playing with a gutty ball."



BP ETHYL

Ask for "BP" ETHYL

("Not just Ethyl")



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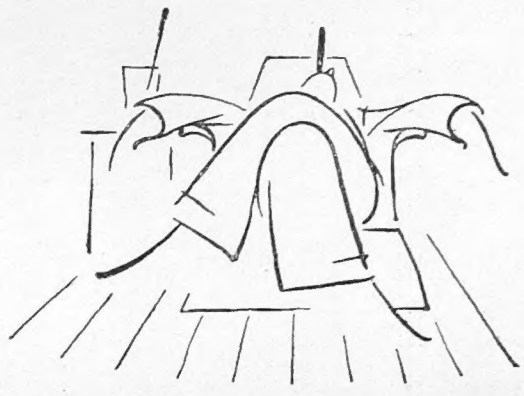

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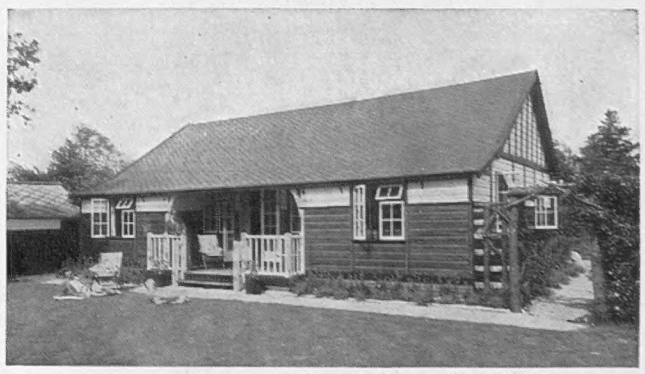

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STRENGTHENING BRITAIN'S WINGS

(Continued from p. 188)

speed record breaking in freak machines, mean little in the realm of effective air-and-sea power.

It is in the directions indicated that any additional sums of money that can be made available for increasing Britain's air strength in the near future should be spent. Simply to slap a large number of new machines on to the existing air fleet serves no particular purpose except, perhaps, to train new pilots. We have the world's most efficient aircraft manufacturing industry, and this in itself means that we can build very rapidly if and when it is necessary to expand largely on short notice. Aircraft become obsolete quicker than any other weapon. It is of paramount importance, therefore, to build up and sustain our national aircraft industry. Better feed the most efficient factories with orders for more and more experimental machines, and encourage sales abroad, than give contracts for large numbers of machines which in two years' time will look like last year's hat.

British air power is tied up to the problem of the maintenance of British sea power. At the recent sea-and-air manœuvres in the North, the Commander-in-Chief's flagship for some time was a seaplane. In the next sea-war a seaplane may be the Grand Fleet Commander's flagship all the time. No one who has studied Nelson's fundamental principles of sea warfare can doubt that if he were alive to-day, and had a free hand, he would not think in terms of surface craft, but of combined sea-and-air weapons; and he would probably proceed to reconstruct the sea fighting service with a better balance between air and surface weapons.

BRIGHTER THAN EVER

Brock's "Crystal Palace" Fireworks

It may be a sign of the general revival in trade which has so often been promised, or the aftermath of the wonderful open-air summer, but there is no doubt that the present firework season will be the best since the War.

The four years of fireworks prohibition during the War seemed to give renewed zest to the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day, and the year following its close saw sales reach a record. Since 1919 there have been good years and some less so; the sales of 1925 were well above those of 1919, and those of the present year so far easily eclipse anything that has gone before.

Messrs. C. T. Brock and Company have built up during 1933 the largest and most varied stock of fireworks they have ever held and they anticipate being entirely sold out by Guy Fawkes Day. A noticeable fact this year has been the outstanding increase in the sale of British-made Sparklers which have completely ousted the foreign article because they give a bigger and better result for the same price. Two of Messrs. Brock's most popular lines are the Magic Fountains and Harlequins which both produce original and delightful effects. Guy Barrels and Empire Radio Signals are attractive new lines for 1933, while the Hummer, which was introduced into the firm's big Crystal Palace displays before the War, is now available for any boy to fire in his own back garden at the price of 4d. or 6d. Windmills and Tridents are available at 6d., while the modestly priced Guy Fawkes mine is another novely in keen demand.

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The New *Arethusa* Training Ship still needs £10,000 before she will be free of debt. By sending a donation to-day you will be helping to carry on the great work of training poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. The Old *Arethusa* Training Ship has trained 12,650 boys for the Sea Services. Please help the New *Arethusa* to beat this fine record. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Hints for Travellers

At the first sight one would imagine the Hôtel Cristina at **Algeciras**, with its glorious situation on the Bay of Gibraltar facing the famous Rock, to be some millionaire's enormous, luxuriously furnished villa. The hotel was, however, specially built on the most modern lines, and under British ownership is carrying on the excellent traditions of the old Reina Cristina which was burned to the ground a year or so ago. There are tennis courts and a golf course attached to the hotel, and there is no lack of excursion facilities as there are several steamers daily between Algeciras and Gibraltar, a daily boat service to and from Tangier and Ceuta, while Ronda, Granada, Malaga, Seville, and Cadiz can all be visited by train or automobile. During the mid-season, that is to say from October to the end of December, a single room with full pension can be had from thirty pesetas per day, which is a surprisingly low rate for a really first-class hotel.

The attractive entrance to the Hôtel Cristina at Algeciras

From December 15 to March 15, 1934, the **Swiss Federal Railway** are making a 30 per cent. reduction on return tickets issued in Great Britain, from Swiss frontier stations to inland resorts, providing the traveller stays in Switzerland at least seven days. This reduction will, of course, benefit Christmas holiday-makers.

A good many people nowadays are making their home in **South Africa**, both young folk who are starting to make their way in the world, and elderly people who have retired. Friends and relations of these will have an excellent opportunity this year of visiting South Africa as the Union-Castle Line are quoting a very reduced rate for the return trip, with twenty-five days' stay in Cape Town. The voyage to Cape Town is notoriously pleasant, and such a trip would prove both pleasurable and health giving.

Answers to Enquirers

H., Brussels (Medieval German towns).—Small towns near Nurnberg with medieval architecture are Rothenberg, Ansbach, Dombühl, Dinkelsbühl, and Nordlingen. Rothenberg in particular is admirably preserved, and here you will also see some fine ironwork. Other towns with this latter interest are Würzburg, Bayreuth, and Bamberg. In Nurnberg we recommend the Hotel Bayern-Garagen, inclusive terms from 10 marks per day.

P., Wilts (Holiday on the Portuguese coast).—We do not think you would enjoy a winter holiday on the north coast of Spain, as the climate is cold and the best hotels are all closed. There are several resorts on the coast of Portugal, but the hotel accommodation might not satisfy you, and for this reason you would be wiser to go to Estoril where there are many good hotels and pensions. The Hôtel Paris charges from 10s. per day full board. If you particularly want a small quiet resort there is Figueira da Faz, halfway between Oporto and Lisbon, the single 1st class fare from Lisbon being about £2. The only hotel there we can recommend is the Grand. The 1st class return journey to Lisbon by Royal Mail steamer is £18, and the 2nd class £11.

B., Suffolk (Christmas holiday in St. Moritz).—A tour to St. Moritz, similar to the tour to Grindelwald we mentioned in this column last week, costs £18 8s. This covers an eleven nights' stay in St. Moritz, and 2nd class travel by a special Winter Sports train from Paris. It is possible to go for 15 guineas by travelling 3rd class, but it is worth the extra 3 guineas for the 2nd class to travel in a certain amount of comfort. The tour leaves London on December 22, and bookings can be made through Messrs. Hickie, Borman and Grant, 25, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
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Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Treardur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
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Banbury	White Lion Hotel
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Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
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Do.	Gresham Hotel
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Bournemouth	Branksome Twr. H.
Do.	Branksome Dene H.
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Pte. H.
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina Hse. Pte. H.
Do.	Osborne Priory H.
Do.	Westminster Hall H.
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge H.
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mans. H.
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Do.	Old Ship Hotel
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Brora	Grand Hotel
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Do.	Royal Hibernian H.
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Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
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Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth H.
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
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Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Manor House Hotel Budock Vean
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's H.
Glasgow	Central Hotel
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Do.	Spread Eagle
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Do.	Euston H., Drummond St., N.W.1
Do.	Grafton H., Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbdg., S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand H., Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace H., Bloomsbury St., W.C.1
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Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace H.
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Pte. H.
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle H.
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart H.
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence H.
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private H.
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales H.
Do.	Parry's Waverley H.
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff H., Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen H., Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private H., Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor H.
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links H., Babbacm.
Do.	Livermead Cliff H.
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria & Albert H.
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private H., St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester H.
Wellington, Somerset	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Pte. H., Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House H.
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay H.
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

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Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *November* 4, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.